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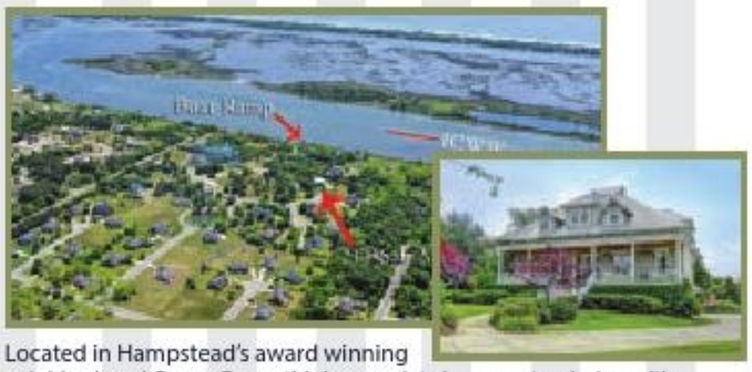

Located in Hampstead's award winning neighborhood, Pecan Grove, this immaculate low country design with metal roof features 1,000 sq.ft. of covered porch. Enjoy the salt breeze and Intracoastal Waterway views from this quiet cul-de-sac location. **$785,000**

1427 Pembroke Jones Drive · Landfall

This updated low country design is located in the cherished 1st phase and offers broken view of the Pete Dye Lake. This well-kept home has an additional 4 bedrooms and 3 baths upstairs and includes an "in-law suite" with private stairs, kitchen and living area. **$799,000**

4 Island Drive · Wrightsville Beach

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1333 Regatta Drive · Landfall

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2225 Tattersalls Drive · Glen Meade

Newly built in 2004, this all brick Georgian design features formal areas without the walls. Ten ft. ceilings, gorgeous hardwood floors, heavy crown moldings, granite/stainless kitchen and a 1st floor master all access the covered porch with stamped concrete and an outdoor fireplace. **$784,000**

1232 Pembroke Jones Drive · Landfall

This prominent home sits majestically atop one of the highest elevations complete with a canopy of hardwood trees. The all brick residence features an open floor plan with vaulted ceilings that embrace natural light and exquisite gardens. **$649,000**

201 Colonial Drive · Forest Hills

Enjoy this brick colonial home built in 1939 but boasting a renovated kitchen with a large center island and breakfast area, updated master bath and beautiful hardwood floors throughout the living areas. There is a separate detached garage and large rear yard. **$399,000**

1704 Bellevue Court · Landfall

This brick villa home offers it all from an open floor plan with vaulted living room, master suite, dining room, kitchen, breakfast area and sunroom on the first floor. Upstairs are 3 bedrooms, two baths, large closets and great walk-in storage. **$598,800**

308 Causeway Drive, Unit B · Windswept

Does it get any better? Living on the water at Wrightsville Beach with your boat slip just steps from your back door! Located on a protected tidal basin, this 3 bedroom, 3 bath townhouse looks over Motts Channel. **$849,000**

2009 Scrimshaw Place · Landfall

Overlooking the 9th hole of Landfall's Marsh course with easy access to the Clubhouse, this brick Georgian offers perhaps Landfall's favorite back porch. The fenced rear yard and lush landscaping provide the perfect back drop for outdoor entertaining. **$1,295,000**

1947 Prestwick Lane · Landfall

Tucked away on a secluded tree lined lane, this 3 bedroom, 2 bath patio home overlooks a tranquil pond and offers maximum privacy. This home has been lovingly updatedwith a new kitchen and master bath. **$429,000**

7 Oak Landing · Oak Landing Townhomes

Looking for a sense of space and privacy without the upkeep and maintenance? This 3 bedroom, 2 ½ bath townhouse has been handsomely updated and you have a short stroll down the hill to the neighborhood marina, with a 35 ft. boat slip. **$575,000**

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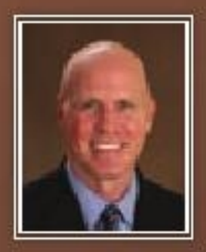
Meet the Whole Team and Our Newest Member
Lynn Baker, PA-C

Mrs. Baker is thrilled to be back in North Carolina and treating a variety of dermatological issues. She left the number one dermatology practice in Central Florida in 2015 to join the Summit team. Prior to dermatology, Mrs. Baker practiced family medicine for five years. Her practice includes but is not limited to acne, eczema, psoriasis, actinic keratosis, verruca, dysplastic nevus, basal cell carcinoma, squamous cell, and melanoma.

Ed Ricciardelli, MD
Plastic Surgeon



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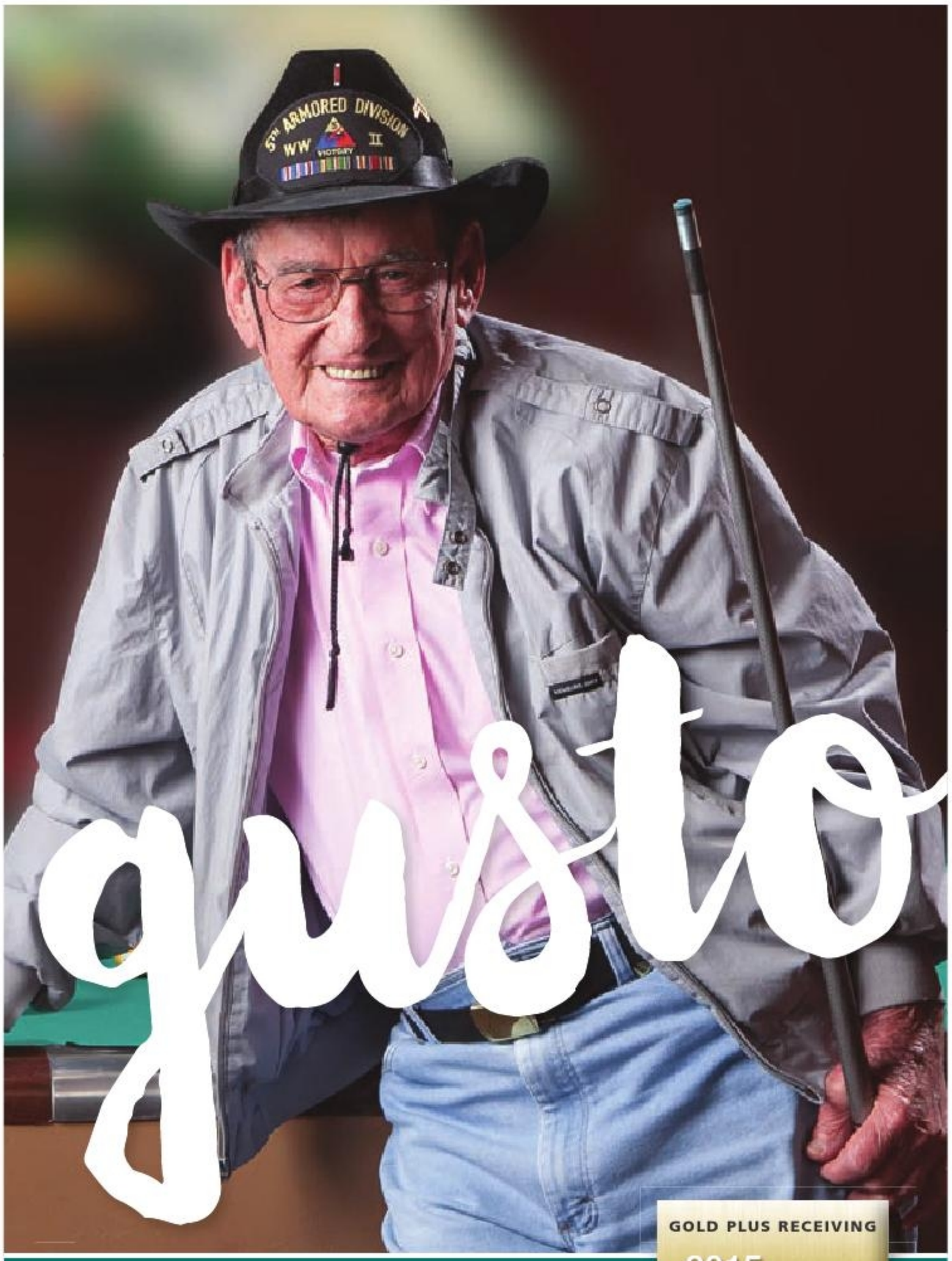

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1542 Magnolia Place — *Magnolia Place/Oleander*

This home sits at the end of an oak lined quiet cul-de-sac with side yard overlooking the tenth fairway of Cape Fear Country Club's golf course. This three bedroom, three bath home offers all formal areas plus sunroom, a cozy den and breakfast room, and a separate children's suite upstairs with bedroom, full bath and huge playroom. It is within walking distance of Cape Fear Country Club and is close to New Hanover Regional Medical Center, downtown, and shopping and dining. **$349,900**

612 Belhaven Drive — *Marsh Oaks*

Wide winding streets, waving neighbors, large pool, playground for kids, clubhouse, and tennis courts — welcome to Salt Grass at Marsh Oaks. Up scale kitchen, equipped with gas cooktop, stainless appliances, and granite countertops. Screened in porch with attached deck. Family room with coffered ceilings and gas fire place. Also features a main floor master suite with private bath and walk-in closet. Three additional bedrooms and three additional baths are on the second floor along with an expansive game room. **$451,123**

631 Belhaven Drive — *Marsh Oaks*

Enjoy family time or entertain in the spacious open kitchen and living area. First floor bedroom with private bath is perfect for visiting inlaws. Upstairs has two bedrooms, a shared bath, game room, and cavernous walk-in storage area. Enjoy the sounds of nature from the screened in porch or attached open air deck. At the end of your day, retire to the master suite to enjoy your walk-in shower and bench or relax in your tub. The master closet has wall-mounted dressing mirror and custom wooden shelving. **$424,900**

304 North Front Street, Unit 1 — *Downtown*

Experience downtown living at its best! This one bedroom, one bath condo features hardwood floors, high ceilings and exposed brick walls giving it that historic district feel. This second floor interior unit has all the appeal of city studio living with a nice size kitchen, appliances and high countertops to accommodate a breakfast nook or bar area. With pocket French doors for privacy between rooms and a glass block skylight window allowing natural light in, this condo is sure to be a quiet retreat away from any downtown noise. Also, conveniently located near Cape Fear Community College, the Riverwalk and downtown restaurants. Make your appointment today to experience the historic charm of downtown living! **$119,000**

Marsh Oaks Lots

Isn't it time to love where you live? Large, beautiful wooded home sites located in the very sought after neighborhood of Marsh Oaks! Gorgeous community with award winning amenities that include clubhouse, pool, tennis courts, playground and common areas. Low HOA dues and located in a desirable school district! Our team of approved builders will help you design a home to fit all your needs.

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Excellent development site! Located in the burgeoning North College Road corridor of northern New Hanover County, this site would make an outstanding townhome or apartment complex. It is only a half mile from the center of the Murrayville area which has become a hotbed for new retail activity and growth and boasts some of the fastest-growing traffic counts in New Hanover County. Two lots combined for a total of 49.1 acres +/-. Sewer and water are on the property and natural gas is available. **$2,800,000**

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Old Rufus

By Jim Dodson

These midsummer mornings are the ones I like best, the last cool, wet mornings in my garden before dawn, when plants are at their peak and months of toil pay off with blooms and foliage that will surrender soon enough to the heat and drought of August.

Even if I didn't rise unnaturally early by most of the world's clock, I would be out poking and spading, weeding and watering plants before anyone groggily rises — all under the steady gaze of the garden's most vigilant creature.

No one knows exactly how old Old Rufus really is. Or even where he came from.

He showed up one day many years ago at the college where my wife works, politely cadging food off the staff. "He was well-fed and very friendly, clearly belonged somewhere and to someone," Wendy explained after finding no takers over the course of a week and finally hauling him home. "I think someone must have dumped him."

None of our three dogs was initially impressed. Come to think of it, neither was I. The first time I tried to give the newcomer a friendly scratch on his rump, he spat at me and nearly took off my hand. I suggested we dump him at the college.

"Funny who he looks like," my wife added with a wry smile.

The resemblance to a mellow old barn cat we had in Maine named Rufus was uncanny. He was a fluffy orange tabby with a pinch of Maine coon cat in him, a gentle disposition and face like a miniature lion, born in the rafters of a 200-year-old barn with a rambunctious twin we named Wexel.

Both cats lived with us — or the other way around — for two decades becoming my constant companions whenever I cut grass or worked in the flowerbeds. Rufus was particularly loyal in the garden. His favorite places to snooze on a summer day were either my prized Italian coneflowers which came indirectly from Katharine White's Blue Hill garden or a patch of wild ferns by the edge of the woods. I nicknamed Rufus the Guardian of the Garden, even if he was no good at catching slugs and slept on the job much of the time. Others eventually called him the miracle cat.

One day Rufus the First disappeared and didn't return for almost a week. I found him lying beneath a hydrangea bush by the side porch steps filthy and panting, barely alive. He'd been split open from throat to gut by some critter of the north woods, probably a coyote he mistook for a friendly dog. You could actually see his heart beating beneath his exposed ribs. Our vet gasped when she saw him, pointing out it would be a miracle if Rufus lasted the night. "But we can clean and sew him up and see what happens." Two days later, Sue phoned with an update. "You won't believe it but I think he's going to pull through. Cats will always surprise you."

Ten days later, Rufus came home again, happy as ever, stitched up like a second-hand football — and lived another five years happily following me about the yard and garden before I simply found him on another late summer afternoon stretched out peacefully beneath the same hydrangea bush, having serenely departed on his own gentle terms.

I buried him in the wild ferns where he loved to nap, marked by a simple granite stone.

We decided to name the newcomer Rufus the Second. He gradually warmed up to me, though anytime I touched his back he turned into Psycho Cat. We decided someone must have abused him, perhaps explaining why he turned up as a refugee at the college. Within days of his arrival, though, he was following me around the house and soon outside where I was restoring a neglected terrace garden.

One evening as I was transplanting hostas I saw him hop the fence and disappear into our neighbor's vast overgrown yard. Rufus the Second was obviously a born traveler, perhaps happy to have a meal and keep moving.

But the next morning he was back, calmly waiting outside the terrace doors for his breakfast. I fed him outside and went to water my new rose plantings. Rufus Two followed and began licking the hose water off the leaves of the freshly watered plants.

This quickly became our morning and evening routines. By the light of dawn or dusk, I would spade and mulch and water; Rufus would follow closely behind, drinking from the leaves, monitoring my progress. Like his remarkable namesake, he clearly preferred to eat and sleep outdoors, coming inside only on the coldest nights or anytime there were houseguests or a dinner party going on, saving his rock star charm for strangers.

Many mornings he even left a token from his nighttime travels, a small mouse or mole at the back door. Unlike his gentle namesake, this Rufus was a killer, a true guardian of the grounds.

"Earning his keep," suggested my wife, his savior.

People who like cats tend to love cats. Generally speaking, I'm not one of them, decidedly a dog-loving human, though beginning with our barn cat brothers in Maine I've developed a grudging affection for a handful of cats.

ILLUSTRATION BY KIRA SCHOENFELDER

A spiritual writer I admire insists that every philosopher needs a cat, a non-judging set of eyes to monitor your progress through this beautiful but challenging world.

For what it's worth, I've learned — decided — every gardener could use a cat in the garden, too — a living companion who observes what you do without particular judgment and the calm detachment of a Buddhist elder.

A couple years after Rufus the Second arrived on the scene, we downsized to an arboreal cottage that felt like the first true home we'd had since leaving Maine. I wasn't entirely sure if Rufus the Second would — or could — translate.

The new place was truly an overgrown arboretum of ancient pond pines and gorgeous mature gardenias and camellias, dogwoods and Japanese maples and wisteria vines run amok, a garden that had been allowed to grow on its own for almost a decade. More than anything else, it needed love and the attention of a full-time gardener, a task that gave me incalculable pleasure.

The new property was also home to a spectacular variety of birds, not exactly the place you want to introduce a known killer like Rufus the Second.

To be on the safe side, we put a bell on him, which he promptly ditched somewhere and — a day or so later — vanished.

He was gone for several days, prompting me to think maybe his wandering blood had just kicked in again.

By then I was busy constructing gates and fences and starting a new stone walkway framed by Russian sage, hydrangeas and Italian coneflowers, quietly hoping the guardian of the garden might eventually return.

I discovered he was spending time with the nice widow lady next door and charming an elderly couple who lived through the trees behind our saltwater swimming pool, perhaps auditioning for potential new owners.

"What a wonderful cat, so beautiful and friendly," cooed my neighbor, the widow lady. "I call him Simba because he looks like a little lion."

The next morning Rufus was back, reporting for duty in the garden.

With the help of a talented gardener named José, we dug out ancient dying shrubs and created new perennial beds and recovered a beautiful serpentine brick wall which I spent much of the late winter and early spring re-planting. As José went after banks of azaleas and camellias-gone-wild, I landscaped the pool area and hacked away at the murderous wisteria vines that make parts of the property still resemble Jurassic Park.

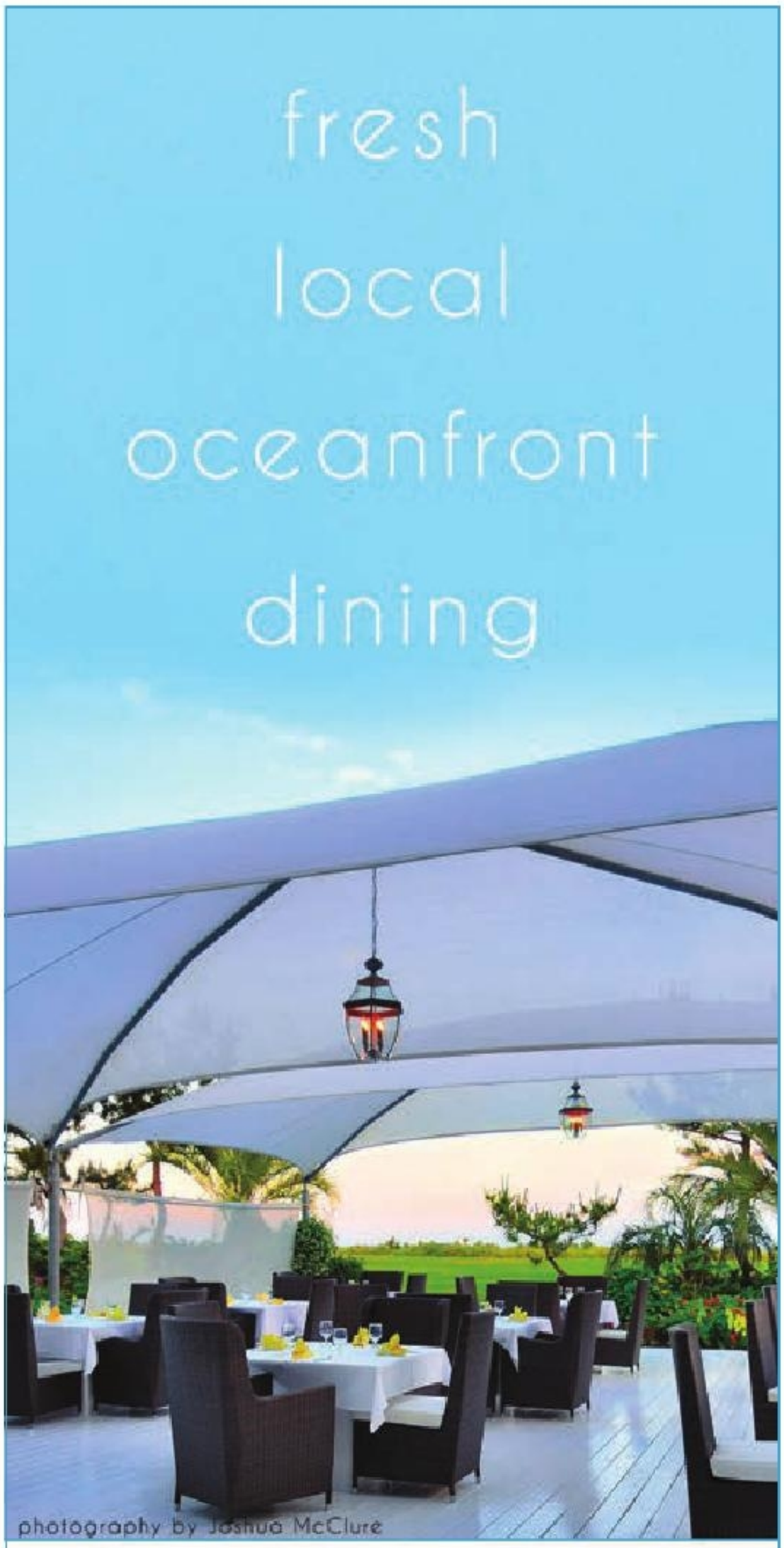
Throughout this ambitious process of restoration, the new Old Rufus settled into his familiar routine, never venturing farther than the pool (when people are in it) or the nice widow lady next door (when he needs a second meal), presumably having decided to call my garden his permanent home. Better yet, he's grown too old to chase the birds — seems content to simply lie and merely watch them at the feeder.

There he presides to this day, faithfully waiting at the back door in the cool dawns of our second summer for his breakfast, or curled up in the heat of the summer afternoons in the cool thick tufts of liriope muscari near a stone Buddha head beneath the young Japanese maple, waiting for me to begin my evening weeding and watering. Before we start work, I always give him a nice scratch — on the head, mind you — to thank him for his faithful companionship.

He's grown visibly thinner. Someday, I'm guessing, I'll find him stretched out peacefully beneath a handsome garden plant, having finished his work and set off on a different kind of journey.

I plan to put him someplace nice in the garden — hoping someone will someday do the same thing for me — not discounting the possibility that all living things, including gardens and their guardians, have a lovely way of always returning.

Contact editor Jim Dodson at jim@saltmagazinenc.com.



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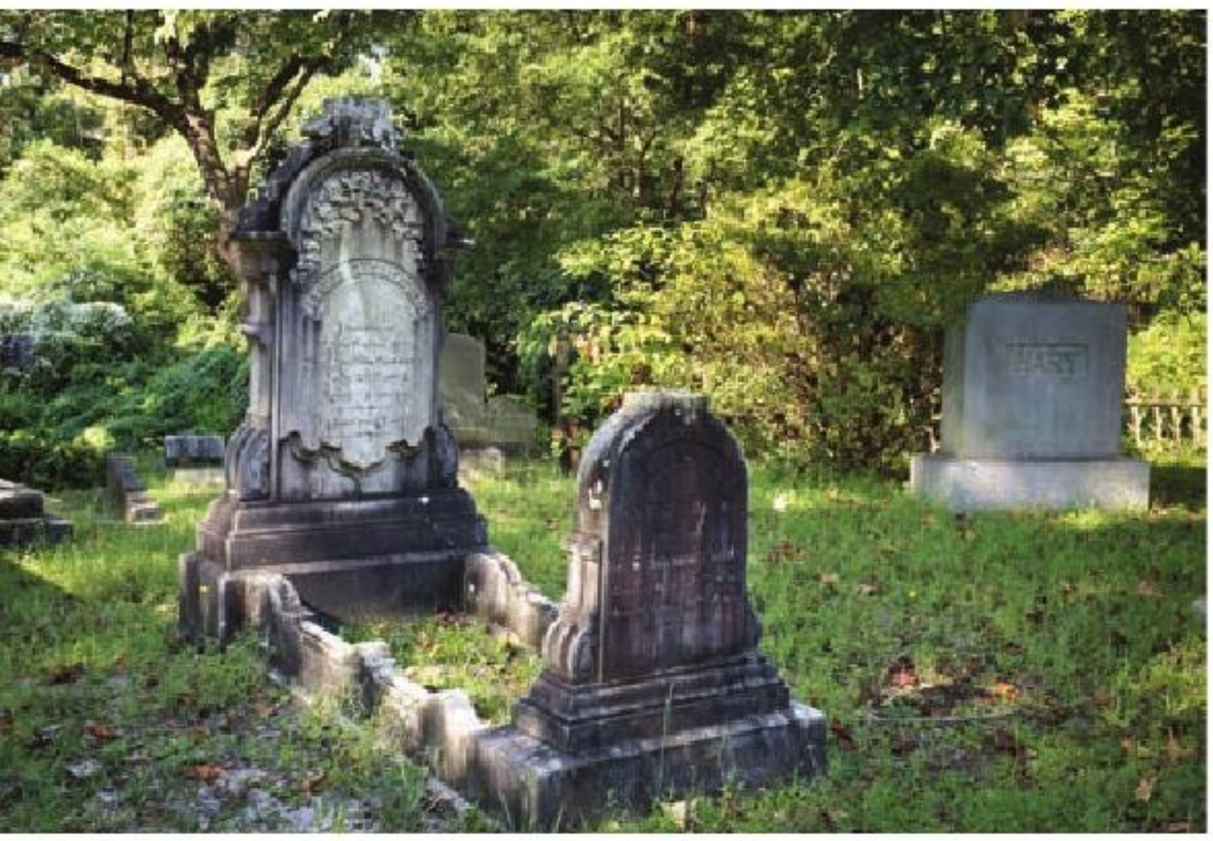


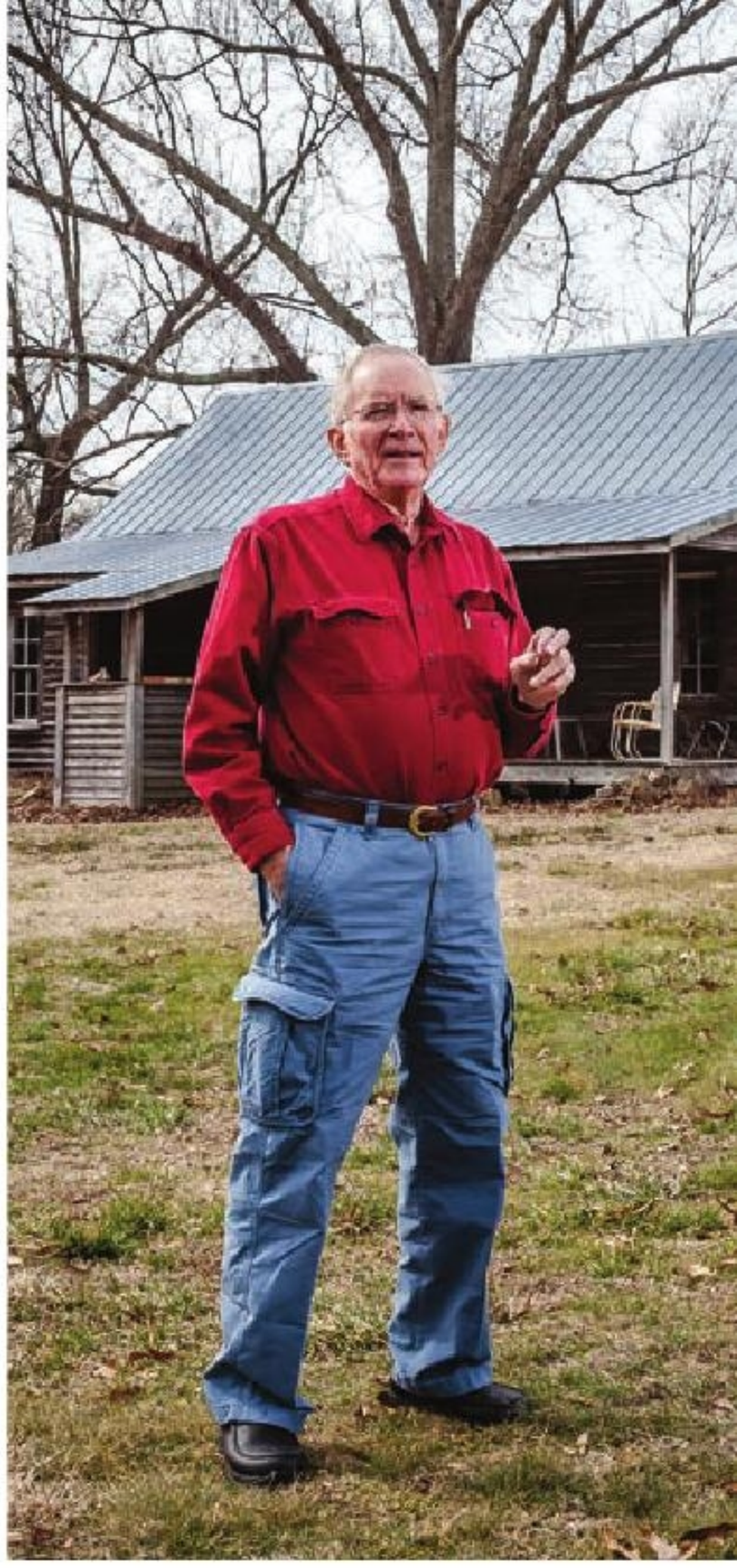
Oakdale After Dark

On Saturday, July 18, once the sun has made its grand and colorful exit, local historians Chris Fonville, Ed Gibson and Oakdale superintendent Eric Kozen will lead an after-hours walking tour of North Carolina's oldest rural cemetery. B.Y.O.F. (flashlight) for this rare and exquisite opportunity to discover the hallowed grounds and prominent citizens of Oakdale after dark (8–10 p.m.). But don't let the trippy shadows of the gnarled oaks play tricks on you. Admission: $15. Tour cancelled in the event of inclement weather. Oakdale Cemetery, 520 North Fifteenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-5682 or www.oakdalecemetery.org.

Shub's Farm

The world premier of North Carolina Poet Laureate Shelby Stephenson's new play, *Maytle's World*, happens on Wednesday, July 8, at CAM. Brought to life by Wilmington's Big Dawg Productions, the play is set at the Stephenson farm at McGee's Crossroads where young "Shub" grew up. It's perfectly Shelby: a poetic memoir about North Carolina's agricultural heritage and the role of country music in family life.

Play also runs Sunday, July 12, at 3 p.m., and Wednesday, July 15, 7 p.m. Tickets: $5 (students); $8 (CAM members); $12 (non-members). Weyerhaeuser Reception Hall, Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

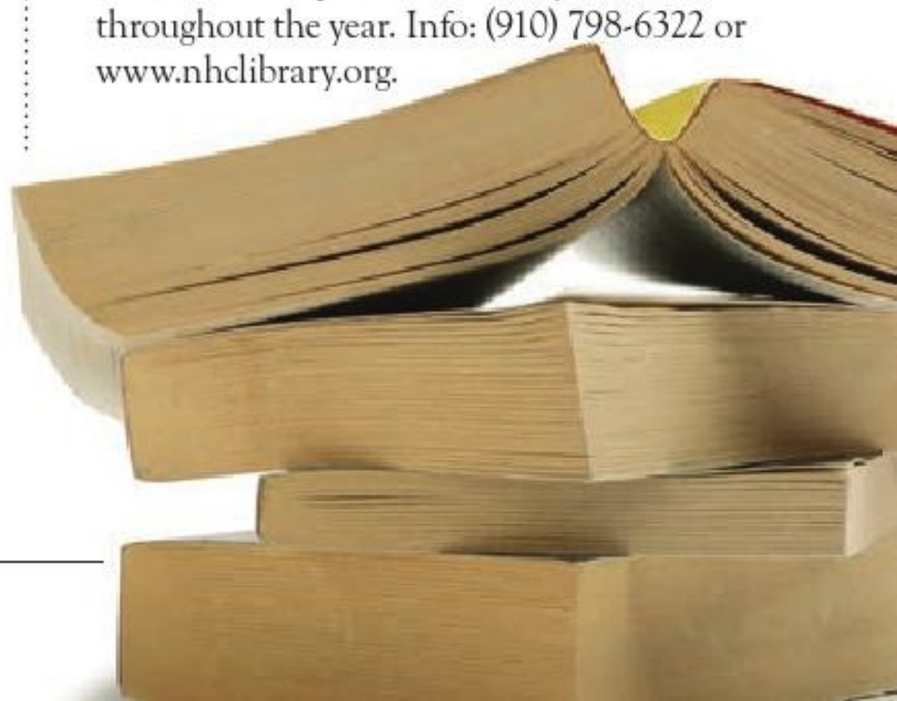


Meet the Maker

This month, don't miss *Recent Works* by Wilmington painter Dallas Thomas, an exhibit influenced by tribal ceremonies and rituals, hip hop culture and the Bay Area Figurative Movement of the '50s and '60s. Thomas experiments in wet and dry media using purposeful mark-making and an economy of line to create a sense of form suspended in space, a kind of portraiture that transforms and deconstructs the human figure into elements of a still life, often featuring costumes made from plants and animals. In addition to painting, Thomas works as a designer for Freaker USA. Meet him at the Fourth Friday opening reception on July 24, 6–9 p.m., which is free and open to the public. Regular gallery hours are Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 a.m. – 5:30 p.m., and Saturdays from 12–5:30 p.m. Exhibit on display Tuesday, July 7, through Saturday, August 15. Wilma W. Daniels Gallery, Cape Fear Community College, 200 Hanover Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7000 or cfcc.edu/blogs/wilmagallery.

Dime Novels

Half-dollar novels, actually. And for one balmy morning in July, thousands of gently used pocket-sized paperbacks will be available, 50 cents a pop, at a Beach Reads book sale to benefit the New Hanover County Public Library. Go on, indulge your midsummer thirst for adventure, romance, mystery and science fiction. You know you want to. Sale held Saturday, July 18, from 9 a.m. – 1 p.m. Donations of used books, CDs, and DVDs are accepted at all library locations throughout the year. Info: (910) 798-6322 or www.nhclibrary.org.



Something Completely Different

When we heard that Crystal Bright and the Silver Hands would be performing in the CAM courtyard this month, suffice it to say we let out a collective cackle and clapped our hands together like a bunch of toy monkeys clashing cymbals.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTY CHANDLER

Having witnessed the launch of Crystal Bright's second album at Greensboro's 2012 Fringe Festival — imagine carnival-like music combined with a performance straight out of some kind of dark fairytale — we're convinced the hair on the back of our necks will stand straight up for this show, too. Ethereal singer-songwriter/ethnomusicologist Crystal Bright is master of accordion, musical saw, concertina, piano, Taiko drum and Ugandan harp, but her haunting voice is an instrument in and of itself. Over the past four years, Bright and her Greensboro-based band have played over 400 shows across the states and in Canada, sharing the stage with the likes of Beats Antique, Autumn Owls, Holy Ghost Tent Revival, The Love Language, Rising Appalachia, Larkin Grimm, and Pearl and the Beard. Witness a sound that's been dubbed "kaleidophrenic cabaret" on Thursday, July 16, at 7 p.m. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info/Tickets: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Lucky 7

Fourth of July weekend, the Cape Fear Rugby club will host its fortieth annual Summer 7's tournament, an event that draws men's, women's, college and club teams here from around the country — and beyond — for friendly competition and perhaps a few post-pitch drinking songs. Kick-off is at 9 a.m. sharp, and matches run every 20 minutes. Saturday: pool play. Sunday: knock-out rounds; the final match done around 3 p.m. If you've never been, you've got nothing to lose. Free admission for spectators. Ogden Park, 615 Ogden Park Drive, Wilmington. Info: fearrugby.com.

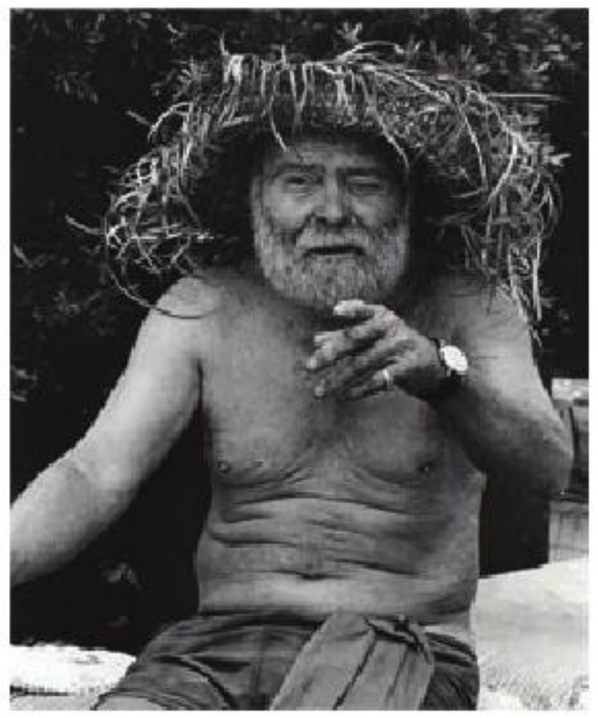
Once in a Blue Moon

Hankering for adventure? On Friday, July 31 — second full moon of the month — Halyburton Park presents a Blue Moon Kayaking Adventure that features an enchanted sunset paddle from River Road Park to Shark Tooth Island, 5–9 p.m. Consider bringing a date or delight in the magic of nature alone. Pre-registration required. Cost: $35–45. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

The Big Bang

On Saturday, July 4, if you aren't too full of watermelon and baked beans to leave the house, slink downtown for the Wilmington Fourth of July Celebration at Riverfront Park, one of the loudest, proudest celebrations this side of the Cape Fear River. Music and merrymaking begin at 5 p.m., and at 9:05 p.m., fireworks will light up the night sky — and USS *North Carolina*. Y'all come early. Downtown Wilmington, Water Street at Princess.

Don't Be a Hermit



Last August, *Salt* contributor Gwenyfar Rohler gave us an exclusive glimpse into the making of *The Hermit of Fort Fisher*, the true-life story of Robert E. Harrell written by David Anthony Wright and directed by Big Dawg Productions' Steve Vernon. If you missed its three-week run at Cape Fear Playhouse last fall, ditto its stint at Southport's Brunswick Little Theater, you can catch it out-of-doors, the way Harrell would have liked it, on Wednesday, July 29, through Sunday, August 2, 8 p.m., at Greenfield Lake Amphitheater, 1941 Amphitheater Drive, Wilmington. Tickets: $20. Free admission for children under 6. Info: www.bigdawghermit.com.

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Blues Bench

Remembering Claude, a guitar named Grandma, and a prayer sung out loud

By Ashley Wahl

Inspiration comes in flashes.

One moment I'm plugged into headphones inside an exhibition at Cameron Art Museum, then suddenly I'm parked somewhere along the downtown Riverwalk sharing a bench with Reggie Best, a rambling man with scant teeth and a beat-up guitar he calls Grandma.

But back to CAM.

Influenced by the regionalism (American Scene) movement that peaked in the 1930s, Wilmington darling Claude Howell was known, among many things, for capturing the light and life of the Southern coast through his colorful and meticulously drafted paintings. In celebration of what would have been the artist's hundredth birthday, CAM conceptualized *Claude LIVE!*, animating Howell's work by inviting local artists to reinterpret his drawings, commentaries and paintings through various mediums. Wilmington author (and *Salt* columnist) Clyde Edgerton wrote a five-minute play called "Whittling Bench."

Inspired by a painting of the same name, the play is a dialogue between two fishermen chewing the fat on a wooden bench at the foot of Howe Street in Southport. Although I'm inside CAM, I'm sitting on a bench like the one in the painting, same bench the actors used for the filming of the play. The backdrop: Claude's artwork minus the subjects. It's as if you were looking at "Whittling Bench" and the characters simply came to life, which is how Edgerton described the process of writing the script.

I watch, listening through headphones, delighted by the authentic exchange between a curmudgeon and his goofy sidekick.

The ending is flawless:

"What's he doing up there?" one fisherman asks the other, looking off into middle distance.

"Well, he's getting ready to paint us," says the other.

"Who?"

"That Howell kid."

And that's when I'm struck with the urge to seek out my own subjects. Not to paint them — just to listen.

**

It's a dreamy but humid Tuesday afternoon, and the air smells like Kilwin's. Five blocks down from the old Carolina Apartments, Howell's home for sixty-one years, couples walk hand-in-hand along the waterfront, arms swinging back and forth as if powered by the fabled river.

At the foot of Market Street, a pod of 20-somethings poses for a photo, and tourists look out toward Cape Fear Memorial Bridge.

On past the U.S. Coast Guard cutter, gulls are perched on dock posts, people are posted up on benches, and artists seek inspiration. Like the fiery-haired photographer, crouching behind the Hilton pool, camera pointed at the battleship.

**

Just off the path behind the Coastline Center, a man is sleeping in the generous shade of a laurel oak, his guitar in the cool grass beside him.

Would make a sweet painting, I think. And as I'm wondering what Howell might have titled the scene, the sleeper rises, slings a knapsack over his shoulder, and picks up his instrument.

Judging by the looks of it, not a Gibson or a Fender. A well-used guitar covered by dozens of signatures.

He offers a friendly smile, and when he tips his porkpie hat, I notice the wilted brim.

"Good afternoon," says Reggie, a blues-playing man in a tough spot.

"I guess you could say I've served the country and the state," he explains.

He says he's a tumbleweed. A two-chord wonder. That he's trying to play his way back to Durham.

"And what's her story?" I ask, gesturing to the instrument.

That's Grandma, Reggie tells me, sitting her upright. "She's all tatted up."

We make our way to a nearby bench, where Reggie tells his story through song.

"I write and play my own music," he says. "When people ask, 'Can you play B.B. King?' I say, 'Sure I can. As soon as he come play me, I'll play him.'"

In a song called "Humpty Dumpty," the bluesman describes his own great fall.

Listening to Reggie is like hearing a prayer sung out loud.

"I play for my soul," says the guitar man. "Without music, I'd probably be floating in that river somewhere."

I thank him for sharing his gift, sign the guitar, and send Reggie on his way with bus fare to Durham.

**

On the 400 block of Water Street, a slate and aluminum sculpture called "Wind Harp" beckons. If it plays, I can't hear it for the kerchief-wearing man mowing a nearby patch of grass.

As I scribble in my journal, a woman walks past, boho skirt billowing in the breeze.

I notice the tattoo on her back — a set of eyes — and silently laugh.

Who watches me?

The Claude LIVE! *exhibition at CAM is open through July 26. For more information, visit www.cameronartmuseum.org.*

Our spy, senior editor Ashley Wahl, is prone to wander.

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Yoga Onboard

As elemental and beautiful as a magical dolphin passing to calmer waters

By Jamie Lynn Miller

Out West, rock climbing and skiing kept me in constant motion. Since relocating to Wilmington, I've shifted platforms a bit: ramping up the yoga, dabbling in stand-up paddling, and nose-diving, a *lot*, into surfing. When friend and cherished yoga instructor Laura Golden invited me to check out stand-up paddle yoga — SUPY — I was onboard.

I Google Mapped my way to what Wrightsville SUP owner Jarrod Covington refers to as the "Top Secret Location for SUPY." Jarrod and crew spend "thousands of hours" on the water searching for sandy, oyster-less "toppling zones" sheltered from excess Intracoastal Waterway traffic.

Around 7 a.m., our class of seven women pushed off for the short paddle to the day's classroom. I was hoping we'd hit the water early enough to beat the coastal winds, but a persistent headwind met my every stroke with a "Where do you think you're going?" push backward. Finally, I gained some forward momentum and pulled ahead to our destination.

Jarrod circled us, one by one, like some sort of helpful, friendly shark, unraveling each board's anchor before tossing it into the sandy-bottomed abyss. *Anchors?* I gave myself a mental high-five. SUPY would be a cinch!

About thirty seconds later, my board starting drifting toward the marsh grass, and teacher Laura's soothing instruction faded in the distance. I squinted into the sunlight and strained to become a visual learner. I tried to ignore the rapidly approaching mass of grass.

Jarrod magically transformed into Anchor Sherpa. He appeared out of nowhere, dragged my anchor cord and paddled us back toward the group, depositing me next to my friend Taylor.

She shot me a look.

"*Sorry*," I stage-whispered, bulging my eyes at her.

I'd reappeared just in time for "pigeon" pose: front leg bent across the board, back leg extended straight behind. Laura encouraged us to dip our hands, and I took in the changing sensations: the growing heat of the sun, the cool touch of the water, and we transitioned into "downward facing dog," the sharp blue ridges of water disappearing into the stationary green marsh grass.

My board started drifting toward Taylor's. She remained unfazed by my latest disruption, however, striking a mean "warrior two," her gaze steady along the horizontal axis. Inspired, I regained control of my board and attempted the familiar stance practiced over thousands of hours on my stationary yoga mat.

"Whoaaa."

My knees wobbled herky-jerky, and my horizontal axis careened vertical as I fell into the water.

"You OK back there, Jamie?" called Laura, laughing over the loud splash.

"Oh, yeah . . ." I dangled my legs a moment, enjoying the change in medium, then pushed back up on the board.

Apparently, my fall created some sort of domino effect. Within the next four poses, two other yogis went overboard, and off to my left: "Fuhhhh . . ." Taylor had sworn off falling into the water in her not-so-waterproof yoga pants, yet she seemed in grave danger of both swearing *and* toppling overboard in "crow." I staged a repeat performance, somewhere between "tree" and "eagle" — one-legged stances are an extreme sport on a gently swaying yoga mat.

Finally, we reclined into *shavasana*, also known as "corpse pose." I felt confident I'd nail this one. I stretched out, closed my eyes, and dipped my hands in the water, which was gently lapping against the board.

Suddenly, I felt a surge of energy below me. I opened my eyes, startled by the invisible commotion.

"Dolphins!" cried Laura.

We shot up out of *shavasana* and looked around — sure enough, a softly curved fin surfaced to her left.

Some schools of shamanism say that dolphins are connected with the power of breath and emotional release, and as our hands found "namaste," palms pressed together at heart's center, our dolphin resurfaced once again, this time, closest to me. We let out a group "Om," and our new friend slowly made its way toward the greater waterway, pausing every now and then to resurface as if waving goodbye.

To plan your own SUPY adventure, visit wrightsvillesup.com.

Jamie Lynn Miller is a writer, DJ, and wandering outdoorswoman. In her spare time, she collects coffee card and passport stamps.

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The King With a Queen's Voice

The artistic director of Opera Wilmington sits down and opens up

By Gwenyfar Rohler

An opera singer is like an athlete before a match.
—Andrea Bocelli

We have an image of the Opera Diva (lead female singer in an opera company) as larger than life, intimidating, loud, and probably angry—or at least miffed that nothing is up to her standards.

When I finally got to sit down and talk with Nancy King, co-founder and artistic director of Opera Wilmington, Wilmington's first live opera company, it seemed impossible to square that image with the bubbly, joyful blonde woman sitting in front of me. Far from intimidating, she's warm, encouraging and genuinely zestful about art and life. It is no surprise to learn that, in addition to singing on stage and working with Opera Wilmington, she is an associate professor in the music department at UNCW, where she is also the coordinator for vocal studies.

Then there's her voice. It demonstrates the careful enunciation that trained singers develop, with a trace of a lovely Canadian accent tinged with Briticisms ('Jolly great!'). I could listen to her talk for hours if I weren't wishing she would just break into song. Somehow that would fit better in my head with the image of her on stage for *The Merry Widow*, Opera Wilmington's debut production last summer—a sold-out run at UNCW's Cultural Arts Building.

"When you start a company like this and you're a soprano, its like 'What do I get to sing?' But the point of the opera company is not to showcase me for the next twenty years. That's not the point of it." She blushes and laughs. But she's serious: This summer the offering is Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and King is directing, but not appearing in, the show.

King is clearly moved by the reception of Opera Wilmington, not just by the audiences, but also in the larger artistic community. "From out of state, people were calling up to audition! Singers want to sing. I had someone from as far away as Texas send in an audition." King confides to me that seeing *Rigoletto* at the Met was the epiphany that made opera click for her. "The music, the voices, the costumes: 'Oh, that's what it's supposed to be . . .'" she trails off, remembering. It was a bit of a surprise for a small-town girl from Northern Canada.

King grew up performing in musical theater, which the teacher in her is quick to remind me is the offspring of light opera. In college she joined the Gilbert and Sullivan Society, which segued her into "real" opera.

"Everybody thinks musical theater and opera are vastly different, but they're not. The style of it is a little bit different, but you have to be able to sing to do those shows—it's no joke!" Actually, the enormous musical theater presence in Wilmington was part of what attracted her here when she received her job offer from UNCW. "What I was so shocked at was the theater—just tons of theater—community theater downtown!" King grins.

So how do you get an audience that loves musical theater to come to the opera? The teacher in King surfaces again with an invitation to come to a "Behind the Scenes" experience the week before *Rigoletto* opens. You can stand on the stage, touch the scenery, visit the costume shop, the dressing rooms. "For *Merry Widow* we had a waltz lesson and learned to sing a piece of music . . . " she says. While we are talking, my friend Jim walks up to say 'Hi' and recognizes King from the stage. "I did that tour last year—and it was fantastic! I'm doing it again this year!"

"Ooh, get your tickets early!" King advises.

"I will, I will!" Jim assures us.

Besides putting on the big shows in the summer (university faculty don't have much spare time during the school year), Opera Wilmington has already mounted some lovely smaller projects: "Pasta & Puccini," Aria Night, and a Mother's Day brunch featuring Broadway hits. Further plans include "Drunken Moments in Opera" at Hops Supply Co. King reminds me that opera is filled with great drinking songs, so this should be a great pairing. She is so good at making everything feel accessible.

"Come because it's like going to the movies—it *was* the movies for a long time, it was the popular art form. You'll see a piece of yourself up there onstage." Then the veil drops for a moment: "In some ways it feels even a level or two deeper, because you add music to something and it's a profound experience."

Gwenyfar Rohler spends her days managing her family's bookstore on Front Street.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK STEELMAN

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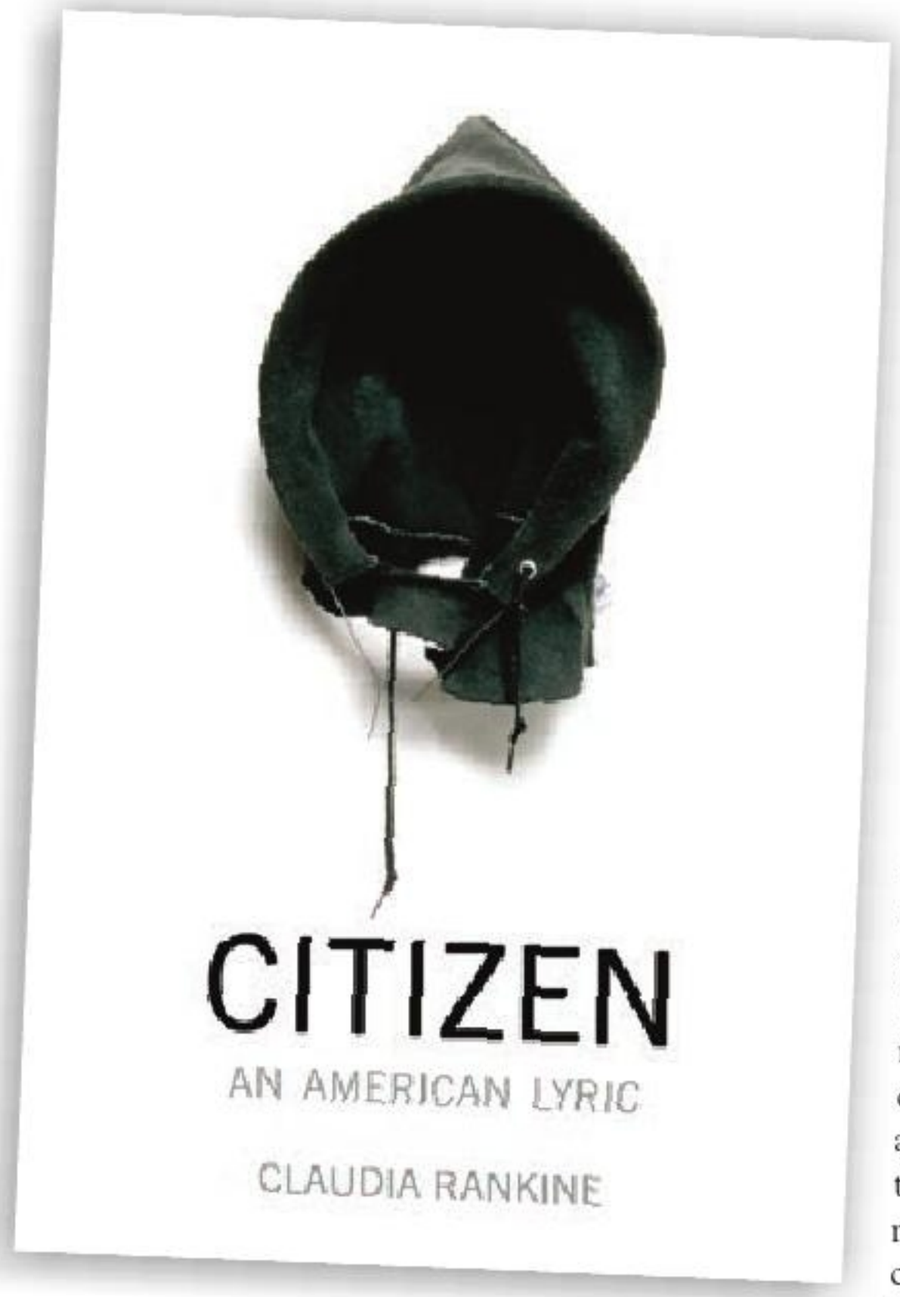

By Brian Lampkin

We are 239 years into the American experiment this July. Our time is brief compared to many other nations, but we have developed a story, a narrative, that adds chapters as each day unravels into the next. Poet Claudia Rankine's book, *Citizen: An American Lyric* (Graywolf Press, 2014, $20), is concerned with how this narrative is both remembered and forgotten; she is particularly curious about the ways in which the stories we tell about race create private drama and national trauma.

The recent unravelings in Baltimore, Ferguson, New York, and Sanford, Florida (Citizen's cover image of a detached hoodie is a reference to Trayvon Martin), have roots in how we view history — or at least in what histories we choose to emphasize. "Every look, every comment . . . blossoms out of history," Rankine writes. But she writes with full knowledge of the erasures and misinterpretations of history that complicate a national (or personal) discourse. In this month of Independence, I can think of no recent book that better addresses what it means to be American in this moment.

Citizen was a 2014 finalist for the National Book Award in Poetry, but much of the book reads more like an essay that refuses the usual rules of composition. I tend to get a little sleepy around poems that know exactly how they want to be poems, so Rankine's paragraph forms and sentence structures are refreshing. The first part of the book uses, remarkably, tennis star Serena Williams as a way to look at how history impinges upon personal behavior, and how a response to Serena Williams's behavior depends upon an individual's "reading" of history. If there is no historical context of race in America, if you believe in the notion of a "post-racial America," then Serena's anger is judged one way, but if you know that we are all informed by a 300-year long narrative that includes slavery, Jim Crow, civil rights and ongoing police violence, then Serena's response to a white umpire making bad calls is placed into a different context.

Often Rankine focuses on the slips — the wardrobe malfunctions of polite conversation and behavior — slips that reveal the unspoken role of race. Over and over she shows us simple interactions that might — or might not — have a racial subtext. So much depends upon how a situation "feels." What is the intent behind a white child's refusal to sit next to a black woman on a plane? Has she been taught to mistrust and fear black people or is she simply uncomfortable around strangers? There are always a thousand different ways to read any situation, but the questions Rankine raises (and they are typically questions and rarely answers) become the central questions of black life in America. How much racism informs the white person's pronouncement upon a first time meeting, "I didn't know you were black"?

If ever you were curious about what the overused phrase "white privilege" might mean, I think Rankine's constant questioning exposes a possible meaning: white people are free from the constant need to read every interaction for the simmering role that race and racism might be playing. Serena Williams's perceived "irrational" anger (this kind of anger also plays out in Rankine's poetic examination of soccer star Zinedine Zidane's infamous World Cup head-butt) becomes an entirely understandable boiling to the surface of a lifetime of paranoia, suppressed rage, uncertainty or certainty that is denied a

public acknowledgement.

In a section of the book on the police killing of 29-year-old black Englishman Mark Duggan and the subsequent riots in 2011, Rankine quotes James Baldwin: "The purpose of art is to lay bare the questions hidden by the answers." As a reader of *Citizen*, you need to be comfortable with an absence of answers. Rankine tries to expose the internalized question that a lifetime lived with racism, however subtle, forces upon black Americans, "What is wrong with me?" The subsequent rage that comes with the realization that what's wrong has little to do with "me" and a lot to do with the culture that fuels uprisings both personal and on the streets.

Sometimes, rarely, literature and art can effectively comment on the immediate now with prescience and even usefulness. The television series *The Wire* certainly laid bare the realities of life in Baltimore that made the response to the death of Freddie Gray unsurprising. Similarly, *Citizen* (released a year before Gray's death), gives insight into why America — and not just black America — has responded so vehemently to the deaths of unarmed black men. When Rankine writes, "Because white men can't / police their imaginations / black men are dying" she addresses the other side of paranoia and fear that allows for externalized violence and not paralyzing internalized doubt.

One response to this long narrative of racial dis-ease is to say things are so much better now than they were in 1860 Charleston or 1967 Detroit or 1991 Los Angeles. It's undoubtedly true. Thankfully true. Rankine is aware of this, but has no patience for those who insist that the best way for her to be a citizen in 2015 America is to "Come on. Let it go. Move on." Letting go of history is the exact wrong approach for Rankine. A visual poem that begins with a list of young black men shot to death ("In Memory of Jordan Russell Davis / In Memory of Eric Garner...") ends with "In Memory" slowly fading away into emptiness. This is not the answer.

We can all be citizens of the same country only if we can agree on the same facts of history. Otherwise we're effectively citizens of different countries. Claudia Rankine's *Citizen: An American Lyric* is an attempt to get us all on the same page of history. If there is a "One Nation, One Book" program out there somewhere, then for this Independence Day I recommend that we all read Rankine's book. It'll make for a great conversation and in great conversation begins good citizenship.

The books ends with a detail of a Turner painting that's not to be missed!

Brian Lampkin is an owner of Greensboro's Scuppernong Books.

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On View Thru July 26, 2015

The Claude Live! exhibition celebrates the 100th birthday of Wilmington native, Claude Howell, with a focus on the life and work of one of North Carolina's most notable artists.

Line drawings by Claude are brought to life through animation that articulates the linework and compositions. Windmills spin, fishermen mend nets and friends laugh at stories at the card table.

The painting *Baptism* comes alive as an expression of life through song and dance by performers Carolyn Evans and Jeri Baker.

Claude Howell's painting *Whittler's Bench,* 1938, is interpreted through animated trees in the painting and actors in a theatrical vignette written by Clyde Edgerton.

Sit in Claude's "apartment" at number 44 and watch his travel slides as you listen to his WHQR radio commentaries from the past.

With the Net Menders touchscreen and interactive app visitors can "remake" Claude's paintings and see his creative process by moving isolated images on the screen and recombining them while learning about shapes, composition and color as Claude talks about his work. App by Phil Abbott.

Also on View

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Matter of Reverence

On View Thru Sept. 6, 2015

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Chilling at the K38 Baja Grill

An adventurous vet's memories of the famed Iditarod dog sled race over tempura grouper tacos

By Dana Sachs

When, a couple of years ago, a colleague mentioned to veterinarian Claire Hohenwarter that she might consider volunteering as a trail vet for Alaska's famously grueling Iditarod dog sled race, Claire balked. She was 55 years old at the time, knew nothing about the sport, and had never been to Alaska. Plus, she had lived most of her life in North Carolina — and twenty-four years of that in balmy Wilmington — so the prospect of working outdoors in Arctic conditions frightened her. "My comfort zone is right between 74 and 78 degrees," she told me over lunch at the very South-of-the-Border K38 Baja Grill.

But Claire couldn't stop thinking about the Iditarod. Her son, Gavin Campbell, would soon graduate from high school and head off to college, so she wondered what lay ahead in her own life. Even though she felt intimidated by the conditions of the Iditarod — extreme cold, exhausting work, sleeping bags and camp stoves for two weeks — she also loved challenges. She had gone scuba diving on the Great Barrier Reef and hiked a glacier in New Zealand, for example. And, despite a laid-back Southern style, she exudes a tough unflappability that you have to have if you spend your life working with animals. The dog sled race intrigued her. "I decided I wanted an adventure," she explained. "I wanted to see what I had left." When she asked her son about the possibility of serving as a vet there, he encouraged her to go.

This past March, then, Claire packed a suitcase with all the cold-weather gear she could find on the Internet (you can't get that stuff in Wilmington) and flew to Alaska. For the next two weeks, she and fifty-four other volunteer veterinarians from all over the world cared for the 1,200 or so Alaskan huskies who pull the sleds in eight- to sixteen-dog teams guided by drivers known as "mushers." These teams traveled, this year, on a route that took them from Fairbanks to Nome, much of the time through the Yukon wilderness.

The Iditarod, also called the "Last Great Race," began in 1973 and depends on the aid of hundreds of volunteers — logistics experts, communications specialists, cooks, trailblazers (who ready the trail for the race), trailsweepers (who clean it up afterward), and even a volunteer Iditarod Air Force, which ferries staff from checkpoint to checkpoint, picks up dogs who leave the race, and transfers supplies all along a route most of which is otherwise inaccessible.

During the race, Claire worked at three different checkpoints, transferring to stops further along the trail after all the teams moved through. The teams traveled at night and during the day, stopping for mandatory breaks at different points along the route. When a team arrived at her checkpoint, Claire and the other vets would step outside to meet them, talk to the mushers about the dogs that needed attention, then check those animals' heart rate, lungs, weight, appetite and attitude to make sure that they were fit to continue. Claire, who has been working with dogs professionally for a quarter-century, was amazed by the athletic ability of these huskies. Dogsledding evolved out of necessity in Alaska as a means of transportation in a harsh climate, and the breed seems to have evolved right along with it. "They're elite athletes, like marathon runners," she told me, describing how dogs would "run sixty miles and want to keep going."

Claire ate moose in Alaska, and lots of salmon, too, but working the Iditarod was hardly a gourmet experience. When I asked her what she cooked for her crew the night she took over the kitchen, she laughed and said, "I can't even remember." K38 serves more memorable fare, offering a robust menu of Mexican-inspired dishes like fajitas and burritos, as well as a long list of specials that appear in rotation. The special Build Your Own Tempura Grouper Tacos, for example, relies on fresh fish from Mott's Channel Seafood, which was tempura fried and served with tortillas, cucumber salsa, lettuce, tomato, shredded cabbage, avocado, cotija cheese, and a house-made picante sauce, all of which we made into tacos at the table. "That's very fresh fish," said Claire, after trying a

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bite, "and it's a fusion of flavors, from spicy to the cucumber to fish."

K38's menu also includes "Rolls," which sit on the plate like sushi but are no more Japanese than a chimichanga. They're not particularly Mexican, either, but that's not a criticism. We tried the Black and Bleu Roll, which included blackened carne asada, Monterey Jack, gorgonzola, red onion, tomato, and lettuce rolled into a tortilla and sliced into disks, then served with a side of horseradish sour cream. Spicy, rich, creamy, crunchy and substantial, it's a multi-cultural mix of Latin, French, and American flavors.

Claire, as you may have guessed, can handle extremes, and not just in terms of flavor. Some days out on the trail, the temperature dipped to minus 40 degrees. That's about 80 – yes, 80 – degrees colder than you're

likely to experience on a typical frosty morning in Wilmington. In that Alaska cold, Claire told me, pens don't write, lighters don't light, cameras don't snap pictures, and batteries don't do anything. At night, staff piled into whatever shelter was available, their sleeping bags lined up across the floor. They tracked the dog teams by GPS and when one approached, the vets had fifteen

minutes to put on their gear and get outside to meet them. At the coldest moments, Claire wore everything she had, and sometimes that still wasn't enough. "The air stung your skin and you couldn't tell if you were burning from heat or freezing from cold." She had to keep her stethoscope in her coat to keep it from freezing.

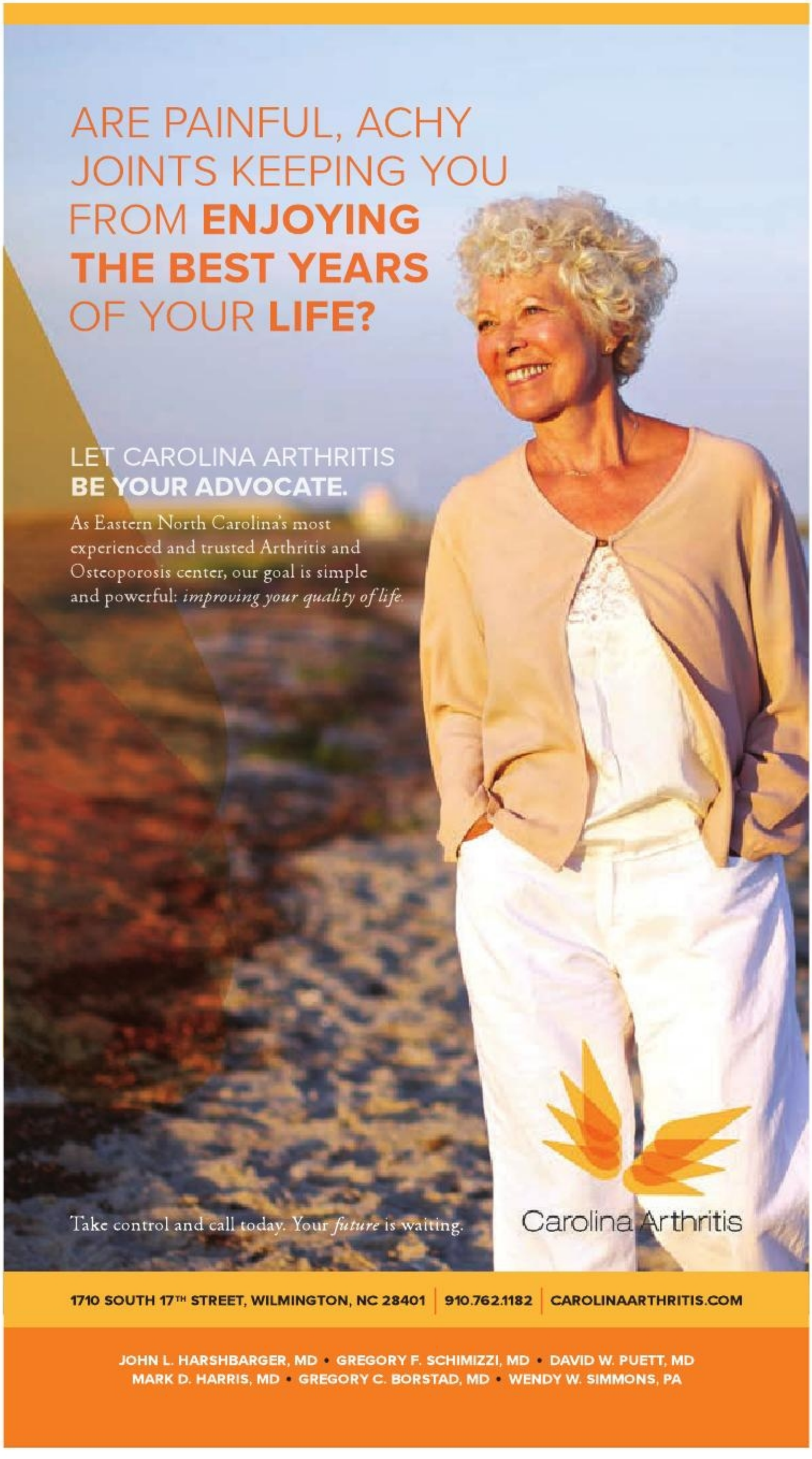
Despite these conditions, volunteers return year after year, drawn by the camaraderie, love of the animals, and beauty of Alaska. One night, beside the frozen Yukon River, Claire witnessed the Aurora Borealis, a cosmic storm of bright green light. "It was minus 50 degrees," she told me. "and it was magical. The sky was full of shooting stars, thousands of them."

The trail for the Iditarod changes year to year, but the teams of mushers always end up in the city of Nome, on the Bering Sea. Claire's Iditarod experience never took her to Nome, where she might have witnessed the race's culmination. She didn't seem bothered to have missed it, though, and not because she feels she's seen enough of Alaska or the Iditarod. On the contrary.

"I never made it to Nome," she told me, "but hopefully I will next year."

K38 Baja Grill has two locations in Wilmington. We visited the restaurant at 5410 Oleander Drive. For more information, call (910) 395-6040 or visit www.liveeatsurf.com. If you'd like to get a feel for sledding through the Alaskan wilderness with a team of sled dogs, check out www.youtube.com/watch?v=dAHa-6VkUQY.

Dana Sachs' latest novel, The Secret of the Nightingale Palace, *is available at bookstores throughout Wilmington.*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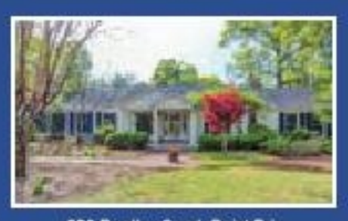

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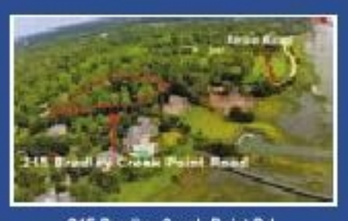

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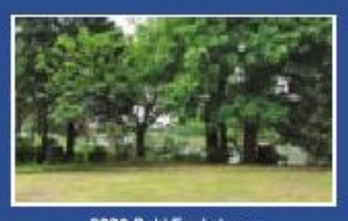

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The Mint Julep

No maiden's kiss is tenderer

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES STEFIUK

By Joel Finsel

Ah, the mint julep: bourbon, powdered sugar, mint. Smashed ice in a silver cup. Stirred until the sides frost up.

During my first decade behind the bar, I made mint juleps rarely, and in most cases only on Derby Day. In my mind I associated them with sorority girls and pre-batched mint syrup. Only gradually did I learn what a deep history the drink comes trailing.

The word *julep* evolved from the Persian *gulab*, meaning *rosewater.* It's a very ancient word. Supposedly the second part of it, the *ab*, goes back more than five thousand years to Proto-Indo European. *Ab* meant water. *Jul*, or something like it, meant rose. So, rosewater. Or for practical purposes, sweetwater.

In the late middle ages, Europe started to import sugar from Arabic-speaking, cane-growing countries. Along with the sugar came words associated with it, including the word sugar itself. Also, "candy." Also, "syrup." And of course, julep. According to linguists, it first shows up around the year 1400. An apothecary's book advises that the doctor "give him in the beginning Julep — that is a syrup made only of water and sugar."

Many traditional cocktails are traceable to apothecaries. "Juleps" were used as a vehicle for bitter medicines. The mint julep is first mentioned in a doctor's notes from 1783. On February 20 of that year, in London, Dr. Maxwell Garthshore visited a Mrs. P—, on Orange Street. He found her "emaciated" and sick at her stomach, with "frequent retching." He "prescribed her an emetic, some opening powders, and a mint julep." She "seemed better for a few days." (She died in the summer, but the good doctor made her last several months much less miserable, prescribing one trusts many more juleps.)

The first actual recipe for a mint julep comes from a hospital — St. John's, in London. A book published around 1785 says that the doctors there found mint juleps useful for "removing nausea" and advised making them like so:

Take of simple mint water 8 ounces, spirituous mint water 1 ounce, loaf sugar a drachm; mix them into a julep. Four large spoonfuls taken frequently are of great service . . .

In America the mint julep came to be associated less with medicine and more with leisure. Less, that is, with the "simple," and more with the "spirituous." The shift seems to have been especially strong in the South. In 1805, in Virginia, we read of a "Turk" from Tunisia (interesting coincidence, given the julep's Arabic roots), who has a trick played on him by some American soldiers. A correspondent in Washington, D. C., writes, "You know Turks drink no spirits. While at Hampton, they made him drink a 'mint julep,' a morning dram in Virginia, pretending that it was water from a neighbouring mountain."

In Kentucky, to this day, they grow excellent mint — long-stalked, red-stemmed mint. And in the eighteenth century, people in the central part of that state were starting to distill a new kind of dark corn whiskey. As for how they came to call it bourbon, that's another story. The *Oxford English Dictionary* has it slightly wrong. There you can read that bourbon is "Whisky of a kind originally made in Bourbon County, Kentucky," but in reality, when they started making bourbon, there was no "Kentucky." That territory was called, instead, Bourbon. It was an outpost of French settlement and a fringe of Louisiana. There's still a lot of French influence in that part of Kentucky. They never mention it when you visit the distilleries, but it's there. The reason Thomas Merton could live at a monastery near Bardstown, the reason there were Trappist monks in that part of the world to begin with, was because of the French. Whoever invented it, one thing is known: When they shipped it down the river to New Orleans, they marked the barrels "Old Bourbon." That was its name before they called it Bourbon, Old Bourbon — as in, it's Kentucky now, but it used to be called Bourbon. The *OED* says the name appears first in the 1840s, but in fact as early as 1827 (in the Maysville, Kentucky *Eagle*) a man named H. I. de Bruin could advertise "a small, but tolerably good, assortment of dry goods and groceries," among which were, "a quantity of OLD BOURBON WHISKY, by the barrel — and a few barrels of 9 YEARS OLD BOURBON WHISKY, of superior quality, which he will sell by the gallon only." Almost 200 years ago, and there was not only already "Bourbon" in Kentucky, but Bourbon snobbery.

The mint julep has inspired perhaps more literature, or at least more writing, than any other cocktail. If you ask legendary barman Chris McMillan to make you one at Bar UnCommon in New Orleans, you can hear him recite a nineteenth century poem about the drink.

The poem, published by Col. Joshua Soule Smith in the Lexington, Kentucky, *Herald*, praises the drink as "the zenith of man's pleasure." Smith had clearly sipped a few already when he wrote that the julep "is fragrant, cold, and sweet — it is seductive. No maiden's kiss is tenderer or more refreshing, no maiden's touch could be more passionate. Sip it and dream . . ."

In the long tradition of writing on mint juleps, the standout is undoubtedly Charles H. Baker, Jr.'s 1939 *Gentleman's Companion*, specifically Vol. 2, *Being an Exotic Drinking Book, or, Around the World with Jigger, Beaker, and Flask*. Baker was rediscovered nearly a decade ago in the *Oxford American* magazine, by the modern-day writer/bartender St. John Frizell.

A Southerner by birth, Baker had spent the Roaring Twenties in New York, but he left just as the Depression hit to work as (of all things) a publicist on a cruise liner. As panicking Americans made runs on banks, Baker sipped juleps (and many other tipples) in calmer waters abroad. Acting as the ship's publicist meant charming the guests. One of these, the heiress to a mining fortune, became Baker's wife. As they traveled, he sent off stories to *Esquire*, *Town & Country*, and *Gourmet*. He refers to the mint julep as a "peerless American conception." Having sipped them in places ranging from "the shaded upper gallery in Versailles, Kentucky, all the way to the coffee and cocao plantations of central Guatemala," he was an expert on the cocktail's many varieties. To our benefit, he took fastidious notes, including advice on which glass to use.

Since the mint julep is traditionally served in late spring/early summer, it's typically served as cold as possible, hence the silver or metal cup (still called, in the South, a julep cup). The two substances, metal and glass, conduct differently. Glass insulates the hand, helping to keep fingers warm from chilled

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contents. Metal acts as a conductor, sucking the chill outward. That's why the cup frosts on the outside. (Keep this lesson on the physics of heat transfer in mind when ordering a mint julep: If you don't want cold hands, ask for yours in a glass, even if they have julep cups).

Baker, in the 1930s (and Chris McMillan today), would warn you against the rough handling of the mint. Bartenders should rub it around delicately in their hands. This helps one get a feel for how the aromatic essence of the oils are released. Crushing the plant too violently releases its bitter chlorophyll, which can sour the taste. When making mint juleps, it's essential to press the mint gently.

Of the many mint juleps that Baker recorded on his travels, the one he drank in Louisville, Kentucky, at the historic Pendennis Club, is probably closest to the one we think of today, i.e., the International Bartenders Association version. For Baker, it was one among many. In Georgia, the drink often came with a hearty dose of peach brandy. In Santiago de Cuba he encountered bartenders who added rum, fresh lime and grenadine. But Baker's favorite of all these wasn't even from America — he found it in the Philippines. He writes that it was mixed for him by a Chinese boy at the Manila Hotel in Luzon in 1926. It consisted of top-shelf bourbon, fresh red-stemmed mint, a little sugar, a teaspoon of demerara rum, and two ripe spears of pineapple, to be eaten as a snack at the end.

Here are two recipes. The first is the classic version, the one Baker had in Louisville, and the second is his favorite, from Luzon. Notice that, heretically, the latter is served in a pint glass.

1) Combine the following in a metal cup:
a teaspoon of powdered sugar, two teaspoons of water, and four mint leaves.

Gently press the ingredients against the sides of the glass with a muddler, careful not to bruise the mint. Overfill the cup with finely cracked ice. Add a jigger (1.5 oz.) or more of good bourbon. Stir for about fifteen seconds until the glass frosts over on the outside. Garnish with a sprig of fresh mint, leaves splayed out.

2) Combine the following in a pint glass:
a teaspoon of powdered sugar, two teaspoons of water, and four mint leaves.

Gently press the ingredients together with a muddler, careful not to bruise the mint. Fill with finely cracked ice. Add a jigger (1.5 oz.) of good bourbon and a teaspoon of demerara rum (I like Zaya). Stir for about fifteen seconds. Garnish with a sprig of fresh mint, leaves splayed out, and two ripe spears of pineapple.

Joel Finsel's work has also appeared in the Oxford American *magazine and the journal* Palaver.

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Counting the Days and Weeks

Whatever her true age, every moment with a daughter is a gift

By Wiley Cash

We were at the O. Henry Hotel in Greensboro, North Carolina, when my wife and I first realized that we had no idea how old our infant daughter was. *How is this possible?* you might be asking. *How can someone not know his child's age, especially when said child has accumulated so little of it?* I wish our confusion could be blamed on sleepless nights, but our daughter has always slept well from the day she was born. How incredible it would be to explain the mix-up by revealing a tale of intrigue: a lost birth certificate, amnesia, the mysterious changeling we discovered one morning in our child's crib. But the truth is much less interesting. My wife and I are simply bad at math.

It was a Friday night in late February, and we'd checked into the hotel for an event I'd be attending the following evening. Our daughter, who'd been born in late September and was therefore somewhere around 5 months old, hadn't slept in the same room as us since her first few weeks home from the hospital. Her naps and 7 p.m. bedtime are sacred, and we do everything we can to honor both her need for quality sleep and the quiet, dark space necessary to achieve it, so we were wary of staying two nights in a hotel room with her sleeping in a travel crib just feet from our bed. With that in mind we decided that 7 p.m. would mean "lights out" for everyone.

We ordered room service. We got ready for bed. We fed our daughter and put her down to sleep. We then climbed into bed with our novels and new reading lamps that had been purchased specifically for these close quarters.

I clipped my reading lamp onto the novel I'd brought with me — Gail Godwin's *A Mother and Two Daughters* — and I soon realized that reading in this manner would require both perfect balance and precise timing. Each time I turned the page the lamp's neck would swing like a pendulum and bathe the room in light as if a lighthouse were strafing the ocean in search of lost ships. The same thing happened if I moved or resettled myself. I spent more time trying to refocus the beam of the reading lamp than I spent reading.

My wife, a lapsed Catholic who isn't lapsed enough to forgo her nightly prayers, opened her eyes and looked at me, my reading lamp swiveling like a siren every time I turned the page.

"I feel like I'm in a disco," she whispered, averting her eyes as the light careened toward her.

We decided that one reading lamp would be enough for the two of us, so we placed it on the bed between our heads and aimed it in the direction of our pages. It was cozy: the two of us reading in bed after a wonderful dinner, the lights extinguished not long after sunset, the knowledge that a long, comfortable night of sleep was ahead of us.

But it wasn't to be.

At some point in the night I realized my wife had gotten out of bed, and

when she returned I asked if everything was OK. She sighed and said, "Let's talk about it in the morning." She tossed and turned for a few more minutes, and then, after a little more prodding, she broke the news.

"She's not 5 months old," she whispered.

"What do you mean?" I asked. "This past Monday marks twenty weeks since the day she was born."

"But twenty weeks aren't five months."

"There are four weeks in a month," I said.

"But there are more than twenty-eight days in a month."

"Then why do people count weeks after babies are born?" I asked. "Why not count months?"

"I don't know," she said. "She won't be 5 months old until the twenty-ninth of this month. That's not for eight more days. We've made her older than she actually is."

"There are only twenty-eight days in February," I said.

Our confusion only grew.

While my wife sank into a momentary despair caused by both the confusion over our daughter's age and the fact that we had actually aged her, I pondered the novel I'd been reading just a few hours earlier. In it, the recently widowed Nell Strickland welcomes home her two 30-something-year-old daughters, both of whom are reeling from the challenges, successes and disappointments of adulthood. With the wisdom that comes from both age and parenting, Nell perceives her daughters' fears and desires in the same ways she perceived them when they were little girls under her wing. Although so much about her daughters has changed, much more has stayed the same.

"We were only off by a week," I whispered. "That's not bad for first-time parents."

To my surprise, my wife's stifled laughter lifted from the darkness beside me.

"We could look at it like we're getting a week back," she said. "An extra eight days we get to spend with her."

"And she's still the same baby," I said. "The same girl, no matter whether she's 5 months old or 4 months and 3 weeks."

"That's true," she said. "She's the same little girl."

Beside me, I felt my wife's body relax and her breathing slowed as she edged toward sleep. In the corner of the room, our 5-month-old baby girl who suddenly wasn't quite 5 months old stirred almost soundlessly in her crib, and then, just as she always had, slept calmly and peacefully through the night.

Wiley Cash is a New York Times *best-selling author whose second novel,* This Dark Road to Mercy, *was released last year. He lives in Wilmington.*

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Roseate Spoonbill

Keep an eye peeled for this brilliantly colored traveler

By Susan Campbell

The roseate spoonbill is arguably the most distinctive and garishly colored bird in North America. Bright pink plumage? Odd-looking bill? Like what you'd get if you crossed a flamingo with a platypus? Yes, that's a roseate. No doubt.

Although their typical range does not include North Carolina, spoonbills are known to stray into the extreme southeastern part of our state in late summer and early fall.

Research indicates that breeding colonies are found in parts of Florida, Louisiana and Texas, but unfortunately, even the birds there are not widespread. Loss of foraging habitat has restricted roseate spoonbills to protected areas such as wildlife refuges. Water quality has also reduced prey as sedimentation and chemical pollution have inundated bays and estuaries in the Southeast.

There are several species of spoonbills world-wide, but roseates are the only kind found on this continent. Not surprisingly, their name comes from the birds' bright red-pink plumage and spoon-shaped bill tip. Their extremely sensitive mandibles snap shut around food items such as small fish, crustaceans and insects found in shallow waters where they probe. Roseate spoonbills swing their heads side to side as they slowly walk though brackish or salt water. The types of food they consume results in their bright feathers.

Alas, those amazing pink feathers put the birds at risk of extinction during the nineteenth century, when many spectacularly colored birds were hunted for their plumes. The wings of roseate spoonbills were sold as fans; their plumes used for hats and other adornments.

When these amazing birds are spotted in our area, they are almost always mixed in with other waterbirds such as herons and egrets. They are extremely gregarious year-round. Beginning in mid-July, the best place to scan for spoonbills is at Twin Lakes, in the Sunset Beach area. In recent years, individuals have also been found at Ocean Isle, North Topsail and in the mouth of the Cape Fear.

If you don't catch sight of one of these amazing birds, don't expect to hear them. Although wading birds do not have the apparatus to sing, most squawk, cackle and chortle frequently. Roseate spoonbills rarely vocalize. They emit low grunting, usually only at the nesting colony. These birds rely on posturing and behavior to communicate.

Keep an eye out. Even immature birds, with their large size, unusual bill and pale pink plumage, are unmistakable. And if you catch sight of a roseate spoonbill anywhere in the area, please let me know.

Susan would love to receive your wildlife sightings and photos. She can be contacted by email at susan@ncaves.com.

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My Father's Garden

Honeysuckle sorbet and the alchemy of summer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VIRGINIA HOLMAN

By Virginia Holman

"I'll be up again in July," I said to my father.

It was May. We were in his garden.

"July comes earlier each year," Dad said. The garden was prolific with azalea blooms. Nearby, tiny white bells quivered beneath the Solomon's seal. "When I was a kid, July Fourth was the middle of summer," he said. "It seemed to take forever to get there."

I knew what he meant. When I was a kid, it always seemed another shimmering summer stretched far beyond the fireworks.

July, I thought. My mind hurtled forward. In July, my 20-year-old son would be preparing for his junior year abroad. The drugstore aisles would start to fill with yellow No. 2 pencils and fat spiral notebooks. I always buy some, trying to recapture the smell of cedar shavings in the pencil sharpener, the tap, tap, tap of notes on a chalkboard, the dream of a new beginning. Not long after, the stores will fill with Halloween candy. I won't resist that, either.

"The wild violets are taking over," Dad said.

"Where does the time go?" I said. I took out my phone. I held a calendar year shrunk small as a bar of soap in my palm, hoping to find some time in there for another visit. I studied June and its prescribed obligations.

Dad called me to the back of the garden. "A couple of the big azaleas didn't bloom." His wife examined the tips of the bush until she found several tiny brittle buds. "I think the winter ice got them. Look, a small sheltered area on the bushes bloomed."

He began studying his wisteria. He trained it to climb the brick wall of an old carriage house. He had a vision. The wisteria blossoms would spill along the wall in late spring, and then the petals would drop, spangling the patio and drifting into the koi pond. For years, the vine attached itself to the brick and wound its way without a single bloom. He grew annoyed. True gardening is sometimes vexing, and it's always personal. He tended that vine for so long that its failure to bloom seemed a refusal. Then, little by little, it began to bud and bloom. The display was nothing spectacular, but it was just enough to keep him from replacing it altogether. This year, however, the vine was studded with an abundance of cone-shaped buds. They were a startling claret color against the bright leaves. I felt a pinch in my heart. I imagined the flowers — a blue-tinted lavender hanging along the heavy vine like pendulous clusters of grapes, just as he'd hoped.

"I'll send you a photo," he said.

Beyond the carriage house ruins and the garden, honeysuckle ran wild. Last summer I'd read a recipe for honeysuckle sorbet in Bill Smith's cookbook, *Seasoned in the South*. I never got around to gathering the blossoms, but I kept thinking about it. The first step is to steep four densely packed cups of fragrant flowers overnight in excellent water. I loved the alchemy involved. Somehow that single drop of honey inside each blossom, that tiny distilled sip of summer, could be made into a dish you might linger over with friends.

"It seems early for honeysuckle," I said.

Dad said it seemed about right.

"Honeysuckle blooms through the summer, right? I mean, I remember

honeysuckle blooming all summer long when I was a kid."

He said it reliably blooms in May; then it's hit or miss throughout the summer.

I looked at my phone and found the recipe online. I imagined gathering honeysuckle at dawn when the flowers would hold the most sweetness. I'd collect the blossoms in a pillowcase. How many batches of honeysuckle sorbet could I make? Could its delicate flavor hold up to months in a freezer? Could I hoard it until New Year's Day? Improbable.

Dad sat down by the koi pond. I put my phone in my pocket. The wet spring had made the garden lush, and in the dappled light he seemed to become part of it. A purple and silver fern brushed against his favorite hosta — already it was the size of a washtub. Dad drew my attention to the wild columbine from his wife's family homestead. It has flourished here and is now woven through the entire garden. The cheerful yellow and red blooms swayed in the breeze.

Before I headed home, we surveyed the garden from the deck. We spoke again of a visit. I knew without checking my calendar that there were several obligations I could miss. I wouldn't even remember them six months from now. So I made plans to return to my father's garden and savor the summer alongside him.

Chef Bill Smith's Honeysuckle Sorbet

©2005 Bill Smith with permission of Algonquin Books.

4 cups (tightly packed but not smashed) honeysuckle flowers, leaves and stems discarded
5 1/2 cups cool water
2 cups sugar
1 1/3 cups water
Few drops of freshly squeezed lemon juice
Speck of cinnamon

Place the flowers in a nonreactive container (glass or stainless steel) and cover with the 5 1/2 cups cool water. Weigh down with a plate. Let them stand on the counter overnight.

In a small saucepan make a syrup out of the sugar and the 1 1/3 cups water by boiling it until all sugar is dissolved, and it begins to look lustrous and slightly thick, 3–5 minutes. Add a few drops of lemon juice to prevent the sugar from recrystallizing. Cool the syrup completely. Strain the honeysuckle infusion, gently pressing the blossoms so as to not waste any of your previous efforts. Combine the two liquids and add the merest dusting of cinnamon. You don't want to taste it, but you can tell if it's not there. I use the tip of a sharp boning knife to measure it. Churn in an ice-cream maker. This does not keep more than a week or two.

Author Virginia Holman teaches in the creative writing department at UNC Wilmington and occasionally guides with Kayak Carolina.

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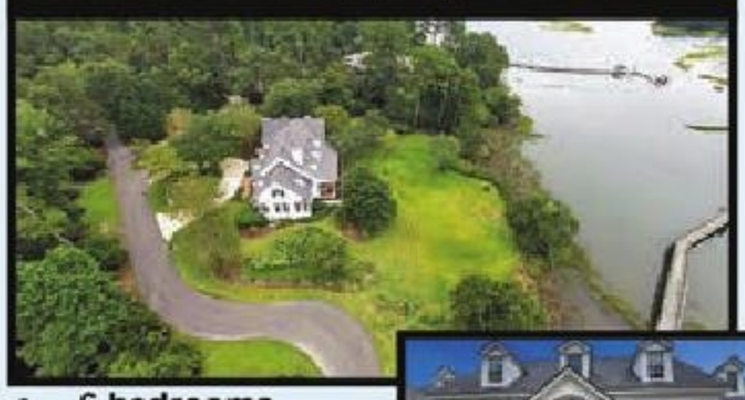

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We find a sweet, russet-colored hound
on our morning walk. You give her
that loving black Lab nuzzle while I examine
her tags. Name: Penny, no address.
We press the bells on Wentworth Way
until Penny's recognized by a brisk woman with a cell.
She makes a call. Her yapping terrier rakes the screen.
You're stunned anew by the hostility of your fellows.
Behind your back, across the street,
Penny slips inside a door.

You turn to bewildering absence, tug sniffing
up three walkways before Penny's image dissolves,
I'd like to think, in a shower of copper dust
beneath a cartoon magician's wand — Plink! —
and her smell slides into your bank of scents.
You pick up the pace. If only I could learn the same.

– *Michael Gaspeny*

Last to First

How a reluctant young designer – the final entry in the 2015 Wilmington Fashion Week Designer Showcase – stole the show with her creativity and charm

By Katie Elzer-Peters

She applied as a makeup designer, sending in a portfolio of photographs with models dressed in hand-embroidered gowns and flowing jumpsuits, rompers edged in lace and asymmetrical structured jackets trimmed with frothy rosettes of flowers. A few months later, after a busy week of work, Ximena "Mena" Garcia headed home from Wilmington to Durham with a new title – 2015 Wilmington Fashion Week Designer Showcase Winner – for clothing, not makeup – and a different set of ideas about her future.

Having recently graduated from Meredith Collage with a B.S. in fashion merchandising design, Garcia was experiencing that familiar uncertainty that often follows an educational milestone.

"I'd been trying to decide which direction to pursue for work," she says.

A few months ago, serendipitously, one of Garcia's friends tagged her in a picture on Instagram – a flyer for Wilmington Fashion Week.

"They were looking for makeup artists and I applied, taking photos from the fashion show I organized for my senior collection," says Garcia.

Fashion wasn't first on her mind at the time.

"After my senior show, I was definitely exhausted and a little burned out. Apart from creating all of the looks – there were fifteen – I had to plan the event, and it's a lot to do. A fashion show is not just models, a designer and clothes," says Garcia, who attended Meredith as an international student from Mexico. "You have to deal with invitations, seating, drinks, music, a venue. There's so much that goes into it."

Anna Hogelin, who worked with the WFW designers to coordinate the Showcase, said that as soon as she saw Garcia's creations from her senior show portfolio, at the request of the head makeup coordinator, she knew they had to be added to the lineup. "We try to have a well-rounded presentation of looks. Mena had feminine, pretty, ornate, girly pieces – completely different from anything offered by the other designers. She was the last one to join the Showcase. We pretty much had everything else picked out, but we saw her looks and knew they were the puzzle pieces we were missing."

Garcia showed nine looks from her senior collection at the WFW Designer Showcase.

But the artist admits she was nervous.

"I'm not from Wilmington," says Garcia. "When showing my collection at school, everyone in the audience was someone I knew – professors, friends, family. At Fashion Week the audience was filled with people who had never seen my designs . . . I didn't know what people were going to think."

Her nerves were unwarranted.

"All of my friends want to buy her pieces," said Hogelin.

*

You could say fashion is in Garcia's blood.

"I learned to sew from my great-grandma, my grandma, and my mom. I've always loved creating. I made my own jewelry – bracelets and earrings. With makeup I get to be creative and play around with colors – making beautiful things," says Garcia. Notice the intricate detailing on the items in her collection. "I was a figure skater when I was younger, and I did all of the beading on my outfits." At school she refined her natural creativity by learning how to build functional garments.

"We start by making patterns. We take classes on draping – working with fabric on a mannequin. We make flat patterns, where we draft a design on paper, fix it on paper, and then create it in fabric." Design can work in reverse, as well. "When I am finished sketching, I have an idea of the fabric I want to use. When I go shopping for it, I definitely get more ideas looking at additional fabrics and trimmings and beads, which inspire new designs."

One gown in the collection is made from champagne lace embellished with green and gold flowers. The material came from Belgium. "I was sweating while I cut it," says Garcia. "I had about one extra yard left over. No room for errors." She worked on the collection, designing all of the patterns, cutting, sewing and embroidering over the summer. "This collection combines modern cuts with vintage details. I got a lot of inspiration from Pinterest, where people mix modern and vintage in home décor. The vintage comes from the beading and the flowers, some laces and things like that. But I wanted to do modern pieces that were simple and minimalistic, bringing in the old and the new to make it really interesting, as well as simple and elegant."

After her senior show, Garcia put away her fabric and designs. "I was worn out and didn't know what I was going to do with any of this. I was actually kind of discouraged."

Which is why, after WFW's runway show, Garcia's brother went up to event founder TJ Dunn and thanked him. "She really needed this," he told Dunn. "We've been encouraging her to pick this up and get back into it."

Says Garcia: "Fashion Week brought me back to reality. I started feeling like, 'If I really want to do something, I need to push myself more and not just give up before trying.'"

"We created the Showcase to help the designers get to the next level. Ximena's winning shows is a great reason why this project exists. You never give up if it's something that you dream of and want to do," says Dunn, echoing Garcia's sentiments. That's something he works on with kids in the Dreams of Wilmington program, introducing a design class in 2015 so that they could create garments to show during Fashion Week. "We talk about branding, and how to display clothing. We go over business aspects as well as creativity," says Dunn. "For kids, maybe this is something that will motivate them to stay out of trouble, stay in school. Maybe sports isn't their thing, but Fashion Week gives them a yearly event to plan and prepare for."

Wilmington Fashion Week is less about the glitz and glamour as it is a way for local designers, models, and hair and makeup artists to showcase their talent. "I wanted to create something for the community – a way to give back," says Dunn.

Perhaps Ximena Garcia's collection will invigorate a new generation of local fashion designers. "This opportunity has opened a lot of doors for me," says Garcia, not the least of which is leaving Wilmington re-inspired and re-connected with her true passion – the true win.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INSPIRE IMAGES

Wild Hair

By Ashley Wahl

Photographs by Joshua Curry

In the early 1920s, an eccentric by the name of Miss Elisabeth Chant arrived in Wilmington by way of the Atlantic Coast Line with the intention of founding an art colony. Many described her as a soft-spoken prophet of the arts, but one look at her chestnut locks would tell you that she was both an artist and a mystical force. She wore her hair twisted above each ear like two giant cinnamon buns.

That's the thing about hair: When it makes a statement, people notice.

We recently got a wild hair of our own and wondered what would happen if we asked a handful of talented and uninhibited Port City stylists to create their own masterpiece, hair as artistic statement. No guidelines. No competition. Just a simple vision to showcase and celebrate creative expression in its wildest form.

We'd like to think Miss Chant would approve.

Pretty in Punk

Artist: **Hannah Lynne**
Owner, Beauty Bar Boutique

Makeup: **Maari Wohlhueter**

Model: **Isabelle Tiller**

*

When we asked Hannah Lynne what inspired this edgy topknot, a haunting look that invokes Tim Burton whimsy and resembles Marie Antoinette reborn as a '90s grunge artist, the stylist pointed to her model. "She showed up wearing a cut-off tank, and that sort of gave me a direction." The quirky rickrack (zigzag) hairline was something she picked up at New York Fashion Week. "Isabelle has such an angelic face — bright blue eyes and delicate features. I thought it would be fun to make her more punk than pretty."

Mystical Miss

Artist: **Alex Albright**
Stylist,
VanDavis Aveda Salon
Model: **Caity Hinks**

*

In the process of creating this Greek goddess-inspired updo, Alex Albright said she made her friend Caity Hinks look like a mystical creature with two braided horns. "She thought I was crazy," says the stylist, who used a balayage technique to give Caity's naturally black hair subtle rose gold highlights. Flash tattoos and a gold thread woven through the braided crown complete a look that is textured and messy yet absolutely divine.

Queen of the Jump Rope

Artist: **Brandy Alexander**
Stylist, Groove Jet Salon

Makeup: **Michael Stevenson**

Styling: **Tasha Tidwell**
The Wonder Shop

Model: **Kelly Tada**

*

"I like for my work to evoke tons of confidence," says hair stylist Brandy Alexander, who created a Rapunzel-meets-mobster look with a rope-like braided ponytail that looks like it could be used to scale a building. "But I like it to be feminine, too." Hence the wing liner and sexy jumpsuit. Shape and structure define a look that proves braids can be equal parts powerful and pretty. Like a polished Medusa. "My gal's got it figured out," says Brandy.

The Amazon Within

Artists:
The stylists of Blush Haus of Beauté

Model: **Tiffany Utsinger**

*

Makeup artist Tess Cash says that Team Blush wanted to create a fierce look that would exemplify "the inner warrior strength that every woman possesses." The result was stunning: a teased-out mane that transformed Tiffany Utsinger into a spell-binding Amazonian goddess. No extensions required for this look, says the crew. Just tons of clothes hangers and product that could withstand tribal warfare.

Pure Titania

Artist: **Esther Hahn**
Stylist, Salon Fringe
Model: **Brooke Reese**

*

For Esther Hahn, "wild hair" called to mind an updo fit for an enchanted forest: vines and braids intertwined like something out of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "I was going for crazy yet elegant," says the artist, who points out how her current obsession with faux-hawks also influenced her nature-inspired creation. "I love Earth tones, leaves and flowers, and wanted to create a delicate look that was different from every angle." Surely Titania and the fairy realm would approve.

The Last Beach Boy

Once upon a time, Carolina Beach was the home of endless summer

Story and Photograph by Mark Holmberg

During the first big wave of surf movies, even diehard beach boys like "Kahuna" and "Moondoggie" eventually leave the beach.

Not "Klutz." For nearly all of his 62 years, he has lived on Carolina Beach, within a mile of the ocean.

"I was definitely a beach boy. I took great pride in it," he says. "I wasn't good at anything else."

Not that he was a particularly graceful and stylish surfer, like "Bodhi" from *Point Break*. By his own admission, Ed Klutz is a simple, kind of klutzy, down-the-line surfer who prefers right-hand breaks. (Although he was always a fearless storm-wave surfer, the kind to jump off the pier with his board when it's too heavy to paddle out.) And he's never even had a cool beach boy nickname, although he admits trying to encourage his friends to call him "Barefoot."

"All my friends and all my enemies called me 'Klutz.' Couldn't get a nickname."

But what Klutz does have is a legacy and some big-time staying power. He's Carolina Beach, born and bred.

"If anybody loves Carolina Beach, it's Ed Klutz," says Phil Winter, an organizer of the annual Carolina Beach Kids reunion on Labor Day weekends that brings back 200 or so of those who lived on the island during its heyday, and beyond.

So many have powerful, evocative memories of this island and its many parts and moods. For a boy who had his own tree house at Fort Fisher, the island is a work of visceral art.

"I know every inch of the island," Klutz says during a recent front porch session at his tidy two-story on Carolina Sands Drive, just a couple of blocks from the Atlantic.

His father worked at the original shooting gallery on the boardwalk and was a tough dredging contractor who built, rebuilt or tore down many of the docks and piers on the island. He was the kind of dad who would use his rough fingers to spread open a surfboard gash on his son's forehead and say, "Just what I thought. Not a damn lick of brains in there," Klutz recalls.

The family home was behind where the Food Lion is now by Snow's Cut. "There are drainage holes right where our house stood."

He and his little brother, who was born during Hurricane Hazel, grew up on the beach — when they weren't swinging a hammer for their dad. Ed says they started surfing when he was 10 or so on inflatable surf mats. "We blew them up rock hard, rode them like surfboards."

When they finally got their first real surfboards, their handy father rigged their bicycles with little trailers to tow them.

Once, when a hotel owner kept pushing their rigs off his parking lot, the boys caught sand sharks and threw them in his pool.

Back then, a swing bridge connected Carolina Beach to the island. The

bridge tender, Ed says, was the local grand dragon for the Klan. His father would send Ed down to spy on them with a CB radio. The young adventurer would provide play-by-play, describing men holding hands in a circle and chanting.

"They had a gold-tasseled Confederate battle flag."

Like the stereotypical beach boy, Ed had one eye on the waves and another on the girls. But like his nickname crisis, appropriate girls were in short supply.

"When I was in third grade I met Vicky Walton," Ed recalls.

His heart soared like an oystercatcher, and he rushed home to tell his mother. "She said, 'She can't be your girlfriend. She's your cousin.'"

It would happen again and again, he says, laughing. "I was related to all the girls on the island." But all that changed when Carolina Beach blew up at the seams like an inflatable raft during those golden summers.

"We were a really big deal in the '60s and '70s."

The boardwalk had been rebuilt after the big fire of 1940. The island was promoted as "the South's Miracle Beach." There was the Steel Pier, Seashore Amusement Park, the Bullet, Moon Rider and the romantic Skyliner chair lift that drifted you out over the ocean.

"It was great to take a first date out on," recalled Winter, who was back then a lifeguard and surfer two years older than Klutz — a guy young Ed admired.

Although Winter now lives in Gastonia, North Carolina, it's obvious that the Carolina Beach of his youth will always be home.

"It was a great environment," Winter, now an ad agency man, told me by phone. "A small community . . . A tight community."

It was a time of unlocked doors, with lots of active parents who weren't afraid to let their kids roam the island, Winter explained. Young townies surfed together, played basketball at City Hall, roved the boardwalk and waited for summers to arrive.

Ed, too, became a longtime lifeguard during those magic years of jam-packed beaches that required many riptide rescues. He was very nearly drowned himself while rescuing a hard-headed local nicknamed "Sea Urchin" during one really rough Memorial Day.

The pay was $84 a week. He remembers spending much of that at the Silver Dollar, buying pitchers of beer for the new friends — including unrelated females — he'd meet on the beach.

"It was a great life," he says, smiling at the memories. "I was a busy boy."

He hung on longer than many, but the endless summers on the lifeguard towers eventually came to an end. One of their mentors — "Cappy" the uncanny distance swimmer and character — was found dead in a shrimper's net. The next generation of beach boys were coming on.

Many of the others, like Phil Winter, went to college or drifted away to find grown-up lives, just like in the old surf movies. Some got chased off or bought off by soaring taxes and property values.

Move away, get a job, get married. "The circle of life," says Susan Efird, one of the rare surfer girls of that era. She still lives there and is part-owner of Beach Girls Realty on the island. (She notes that she's seeing some of the old crew returning to retire after all these years.)

Ed tried a year of college inland. "Worst year of my life. I can't be away from salt water — just didn't feel right."

He says he followed "the usual progression: lifeguard, work on fishing boats, head boats." (Some of the others have stayed, like former mayor, record-setting fisherman and tackle shop owner Dennis Barber.)

During one of those golden summers, Klutz met a girl he couldn't let go of, Diane, who was from Raleigh. They grew their own family of surfers on the island, with occasional excursions to Costa Rica and Barbados.

And he got a job in Wilmington as a local sales rep for an oil company, a job that kept him home but opened a lot of doors to the world.

"I've had a lot of people trying to get me to leave," he says as the sun dips toward the horizon. But even offers to double his salary haven't lured him away from Carolina Beach.

His parents are buried on the island. He's been smart with his investments and has taken good care of his belongings, including two of his childhood surfboards. He's still surfer lean and goes out when storms whip up the meaty waves he prefers. His fishing boat gets plenty of use.

Yes, Klutz is still a beach boy, albeit a weathered one with rheumatoid arthritis. He's not reliving his youth, it just never ended.

He can vividly recall the best ride of his young life, a clean green giant that stood up perfectly for him near one of the hotels.

"I remember getting up on the nose of my board. I was inside this huge tube — I could wave my arms like this," he says, waving as if signaling someone on a distant ship.

No one saw it but him.

"I've been trying to get there ever since."

Mark Holmberg, longtime reporter and columnist for CBS-6 in Richmond, Virginia and the Richmond Times-Dispatch, *is our King of Queen Street.*

Family Style

For the busy Wards of Wrightsville, life's a charming beach house full of summer fun and creativity

By Ashley Wahl · Photographs by Rick Ricozzi

Ever since the Wilmington Seacoast Railroad Company built its "Beach Car" track from downtown Wilmington to the "Hammocks" (Harbor Island), Wrightsville Beach has been a major tourist attraction, drawing droves of summer visitors to its yacht clubs, vacation cottages and eventually, in 1905, the famed Lumina Pavilion, whose thousand-plus incandescent bulbs faded to memory in the 1970s.

This time of year, its sandy shores and calm surf are downright magnetic, drawing a population of 35,000 seasonal visitors.

If summer were an endless night, Wrightsville Beach would be the eternal beacon.

But anyone who has experienced the intersection of Waynick and Causeway on a holiday weekend or searched for beach parking in July knows that being a year-round resident of Wrightsville can be more a hassle than a dream.

Unless you live outside the fray.

For Alisa and Dr. Chris Ward, such a reality exists. On South Channel Drive, home is where children sell fresh-squeezed lemonade at curbside stands and young families reel in pinfish at low tide. And just across the glittering waterway, the Blockade Runner Beach Resort beckons.

The house itself is a 2,800-square-foot two-story, its architecture defined by the sweeping view of Banks Channel.

From the street, the front porch resembles a garden arbor hedged with tidy podocarpus and hardy flowers. Climbing jasmine suggests *Southern Living*, but beyond the enchanted entrance is a Bohemian-inspired beach house that reflects the fun-loving spirit of the family who lives here.

On the weekends, Chris powers up the Grady-White at Seapath Marina while Alisa and kids (Bennett, age 7, and Lily, 4) cross the quiet street to meet him at the channel.

They can walk to the beach in ten minutes. No need to get in the car.

"That's why we love it here," says Alisa. "We don't have to be near the craziness in the summer. We're in our own little world."

In the evenings, once the kids are wiped out from swimming or fishing, Alisa retreats to the first floor guest room, where it's her turn to play.

"I'm not making family heirlooms," says Alisa, a raven-haired Irish/Italian beauty who recently launched an extensive line of jewelry that includes one-of-a-kind bohemian rope necklaces and signature tassel earrings. "I started out by creating new pieces from old jewelry that I no longer wore."

That realization — that she could make stylish jewelry that her friends raved about without a factory or workforce — grew into a business, GYPSY * LEW. Less than a year after making her earliest creations, her jewelry is now available at Monkee's in Wilmington, Annex in Wrightsville Beach, Scout and Molly's in Raleigh, and Savvy Inc. Boutique in Greenville, South Carolina.

As for the name: Alisa describes her style as gypsy-like. L.E.W. are the initials of resident fashionista Lily Elizabeth Ward.

"She's like a little Madonna," says Alisa of the effervescent 4-year-old whose wardrobe includes accent pieces such as hot pink tutu, heart-shaped sunglasses and Hello Kitty fedora, a combo which she boldly pairs with sparkly shoes.

Before KidKraft and GYPSY * LEW were Ward household names, Chris and Alisa were living in a condo at Lee's Cut.

"We used to bike through this neighborhood all the time," says Alisa of Harbor Island, where schoolchildren traipse to and from Wrightsville Beach Elementary like goslings. But nothing was for sale.

Sometime after buying a waterfront lot on Greenville Loop Road, where they'd planned to build, the Wards found themselves in the right place at the right time and caught wind of a Harbor Island home that would appear on the market on a Monday morning. Chris phoned the owners and scheduled the first viewing. This was 2003, five years before Bennett would enter the picture. But if they wanted to raise a family in a neighborhood like Harbor Island, this was their chance.

Likely built as a vacation cottage in the 1950s, the original house did not include the second floor. A major remodel followed Hurricane Fran.

"This was it," says Alisa, who is standing in a comfy lounge decorated with rustic furniture custom-made to fit the space and double as storage.

Past the built-in shelves and desk designed by Bryan Humphrey (likely site of original kitchen, which previous owners turned into a wet bar), indoor/outdoor beanbag chairs surround a bright pink homework table that looks out to a private screened-in porch with enclosed shower, ping-pong table, an arcade-style electronic basketball game, and a collection of surf and paddle boards.

"We never sat back here, so we sold all the furniture at a yard sale and turned the porch into a mini sports arena."

Inside Bennett's room, just across the hall from Lily's, a custom-built loft bed creates a Lego lair beside which Bob the beta fish swims in lazy circles, and murals on light blue walls transform the modest space into a brightly lit submarine. The home's original master suite is now Alisa's workshop, where boho jewelry displays and romantic teal wallpaper are boutique-quality.

"The colors are very Gay Adair," says Alisa, referring to the local designer known for her soulful interiors.

Ditto the up-cycled furniture made with old church pews and confessional doors.

"She decorated for the family we bought the house from," says Alisa.

Upstairs, which includes the great room and master suite, Adair-blue kitchen cabinets make a sunny space even brighter. As do the tile countertops and backsplash, pale green and blue.

"You can sit right here and see everything," says Alisa of the dazzling panorama of Banks Channel and the strand beyond it. Although she is seated at a narrow wooden table backlit by a wall of picture windows and French doors, her statement could apply to virtually any seat in the great room, including the contemporary bar stools at the kitchen island and the L-shaped sectional in the living area.

The kids prefer the fishnet hammock on the balcony.

"We don't exactly have a playroom," says Alisa.

No attic or basement, either.

Tiny pantry.

Very few closets.

"Space is definitely an issue," says Alisa, who admits the Market Street storage unit helps keep clutter at bay.

Oddly, so does GYPSY * LEW.

"I've always had the closet where all of my friends come to borrow clothes," says Alisa, who prefers "simple and subtle" to Lily's dramatic. "I love to shop, so doing the jewelry line allows me to scratch the itch. I get to buy beautiful pieces to use and then sell them. I'm essentially playing dress-up."

Last November, upward of seventy women attended her first home show, held upstairs. By spring, Monkee's of Wilmington was carrying her products.

"People love knowing that it was made here," says Alisa, whose own appreciation for North Carolina artists is evident by the paintings on the living room walls.

"We used to buy one every year for our anniversary," says Alisa, who met her endodontist husband on a blind date in Philadelphia, where he pursued post-graduate studies.

"He wanted to return to his eastern North Carolina roots to open his practice," says Alisa, so in 1999, she transferred her job with Philip Morris (tobacco company) and moved here with him.

Although she'd always dreamed of attending the Art Institute of Philadelphia and studying textiles or design, Alisa got her degree in food marketing from St. Joseph's University.

"As a girl, I used to make hand-painted candies for the holidays," says Alisa. The jewelry gives her an artistic outlet she's always needed.

The giraffe paintings in each bedroom were done by Chris' mother, Emerald Isle artist Anne Ward, and the salvaged doors throughout the house (done with mirror, distressed and frosted glass) are the works of Susan Covington of Sac Art Designs.

Alisa is sitting at her work table, sifting through trays of colored beads, electroplated gemstones and polished bone when she mentions her Italian grandmother.

"She used to call me a gypsy when I was all dressed up," she says. "For her, it was a term of endearment."

As if on cue, Lily Elizabeth bursts into the room, asking if she can pick the flowers from the front yard.

Summer is here, and she and Bennett want to be outside by the water.

"That's the other thing about living by the beach," says Alisa. "The kids will always want to come back home."

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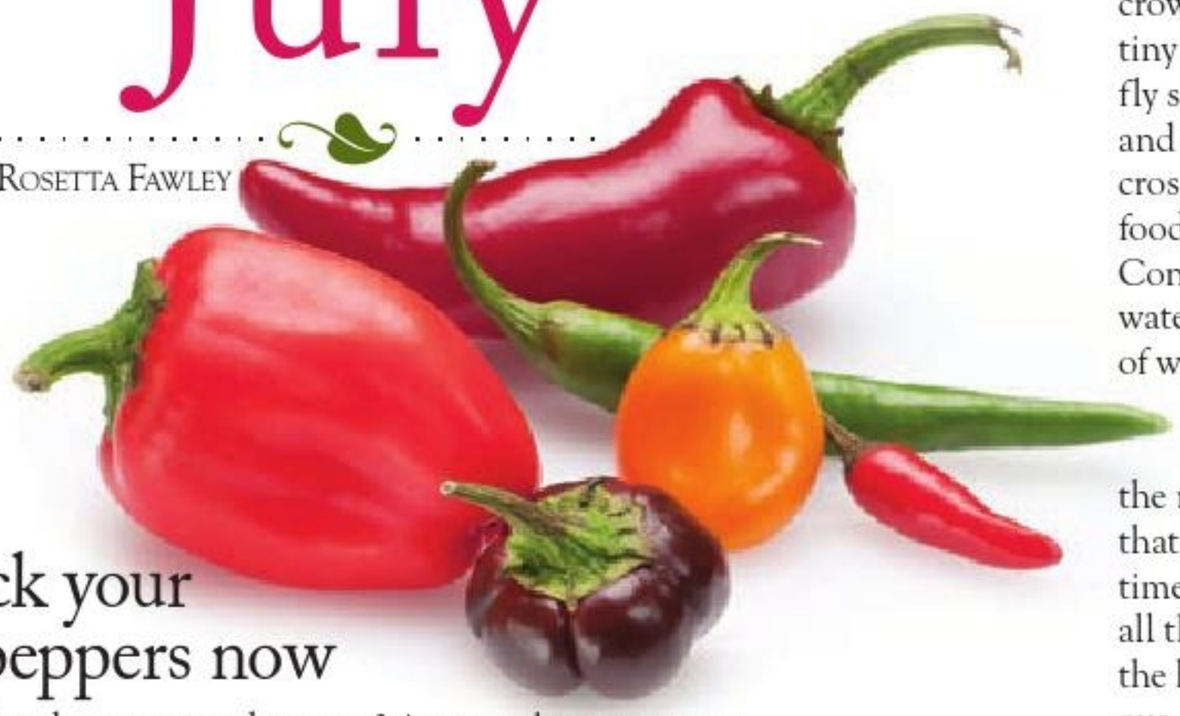
July

By Rosetta Fawley



Pick your peppers now

How does your garden grow? Are your hot peppers as fiery as a late July afternoon? If you've left them to ripen, then they should be turning color by now. Harvest them with scissors or shears; they can break if you pull them off. If you have a glut they freeze very well.

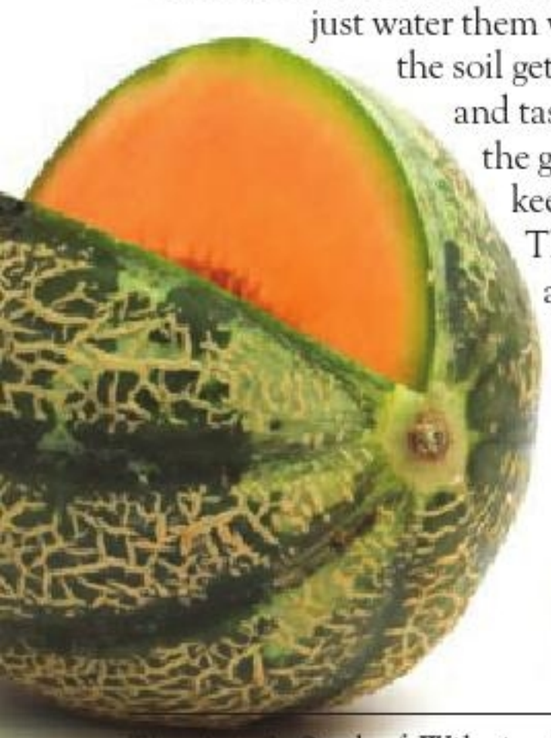
Summertime
And the livin' is easy
Fish are jumpin'
And the cotton is high

Oh, your daddy's rich
And your mama's good-lookin'
Hush little baby,
Don't you cry.

(DuBose Heyward/Ira Gershwin/
Music by George Gershwin)

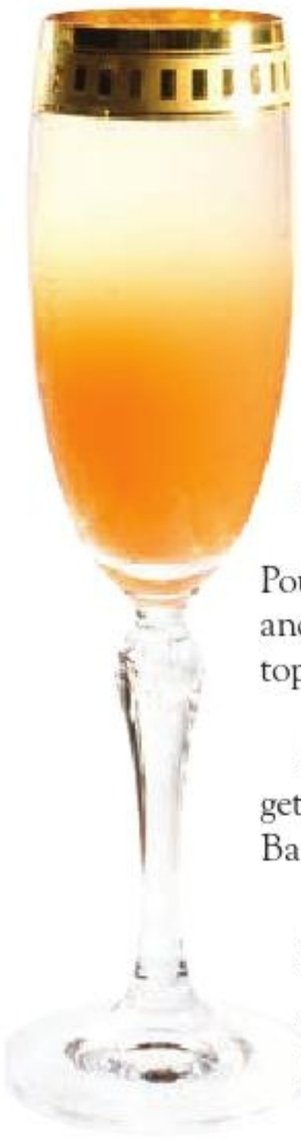
Can't elope this summer

Plant cantaloupes in the first half of July for a fall crop. Plant the seeds about one inch into good soil, twenty-four inches apart. They like full sun. If the weather is dry, water them generously until the fruit is about the size of a tennis ball, after which time just water them when the leaves are wilting. Don't let the soil get too wet or the fruit will be squashy and tasteless. Once the fruit start to rest on the ground, put them on a plank of wood to keep the insects from munching on them. They should be ready to harvest after about three months. They'll be delicious. Don't sweat it if they go wrong; they'll make a nice change from all those pumpkins in fall decorations.



Humming along

Hummingbird feeders get crowded this month. Those tiny avian jewels are about to fly south and across the Gulf, and most of them will make that crossing in one go. Prepare extra food for them before they set out on the long journey south. Consider it like mixing a cocktail: one part sugar to four parts water, i.e., a quarter cup (four tablespoons) of sugar to one cup of water. Ordinary white table sugar works just fine. Boil the water, dissolve the sugar in it and allow it to cool before filling the feeders. There's no need to color the water, it's the red flowers that the birds look for. Besides, studies suggest that food coloring may be harmful to hummingbirds. At this time of year the birds work through the food pretty rapidly; all the same it's worth keeping an eye on the sugar solution in the hot weather. If it starts to ferment then it becomes poisonous. If all the water boiling and feeder cleaning start to get old, remember that you're fueling your hummingbirds to catch their favorite insect food: mosquitoes, gnats and fruit flies.



Simple refreshment

The other good news about all this avian altruism is that sugar and summer cocktails go hand in hand. While you're feeding the hummingbirds, make a batch of simple syrup on the side. This time it's one part water to one part sugar. Boil them together in a small saucepan and then let the solution cool.

Now, what to create with your own syrup? It's the height of peach season. Make a Bellini. Do it North Carolina style, using our own peaches instead of the traditional flat white ones. Whizz up a peach in the blender and strain it through a sieve. Pour the liquid into a champagne flute. Add a teaspoon of sugar syrup and a little squeeze of lemon. Then pour in Prosecco all the way to the top. Eat the leftovers in the sieve with a teaspoon later.

How to refresh oneself as the peaches slow down and the weather gets truly stifling? A Bajan Rum Punch. This is what one drinks in Barbados. It's heaven. How many cocktails are built by rhyme?

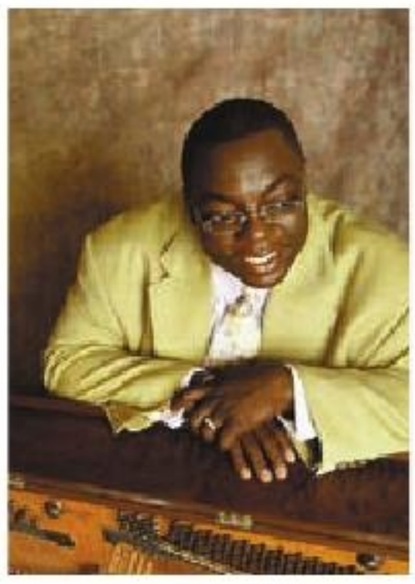
One of sour
Two of sweet
Three of strong
Four of weak.

One measure of fresh lime juice, two of your sugar syrup, three of good dark rum, the older the better and preferably from Barbados, and four measures of water. Mix the lime and syrup, then add the rum and water. Pour into a tall glass filled with ice. Top with a dash of Angostura Bitters and a sprinkle of nutmeg.

Now turn up the spouge, close your eyes and picture the Caribbean lapping at the white sands your feet. Take long cooling sips of island life.

July 2015

Arts Calendar



Ocean City Jazz Festival
7/3–4

Art Exhibition
7/7–15

Live Music by JJ Grey & Mofro
7/9

East Coast Classic
7/10–12

7/1 Energy Clearing Meditation
6:15–7:15 p.m. Energy clearing meditation for independence led by energy healer Jennifer Chapis. Suggested donation: $15. McKay Healing Arts, 4916 Wrightsville Avenue, Wilmington. Info: www.allovehealing.com.

7/1 Concert & Dance
6:30–9 p.m. Patriotic concert and dance featuring the American Legion Honor Guard with WWII-era favorites performed by the Wilmington Big Band. Includes hors d'oeuvres, dessert, drinks and a Veterans' Wall. Donations benefit the Wilmington Parkinson's and Lewy Body Support Group. Free admission. Brightmore of Wilmington, 2324 South Forty-first Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 350-1980 or www.brightmoreofwilmington.com.

7/1 Vinyl Tap Meet–Up
8 p.m. Dust off the old LP's and give them another spin. Turntables provided; all music welcome. Also held 7/15 and 7/29. Free admission. Juggling Gypsy Cafe, 1612 Castle Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 763-2223 or www.jugglinggypsy.com.

7/1 & 2 Summer Pop–Up!
11 a.m. & 2:30 p.m. Moon Explorations. Take a virtual journey to the moon using the museum's digital planetarium, witness the moon landing and explore lunar features up close. Admission: $5–8. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

7/1–4 NC 4th of July Festival
9 a.m. – 9 p.m. (Wednesday); 9 a.m. – 10 p.m. (Thursday); 8 a.m. – 10 p.m. (Friday); 7 a.m. – 10 p.m. (Saturday). Patriotic celebration featuring an arts and crafts show, historic church tours, classic car show, food vendors, children's games, live music, beach activities, skate and shag competitions, raffles, parade, fireworks and more. Various venues in Southport and Oak Island. Info: (910) 457-5578 or www.nc-4thofjuly.com.

7/2 Coastal Adventure
10 a.m. – 12 p.m. Join federation biologist Ted Wilgis in pulling seine and cast nets for a firsthand view of the creatures who call our creeks and bays home. Eco-games and snacks to follow. Admission: $5. Coastal Education Center, 309 West Salisbury Street, Wrightsville Beach. Info: www.nccoast.org.

7/2 Opening Art Reception
6:30–8:30 p.m. Featuring artist Felice Kite's collection of whimsical mermaids. Artful Living Group, 112 Cape Fear Boulevard, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-7822 or www.artfullivinggroup.com.

7/2 Concert @ CAM
7–8:30 p.m. Live music by El Jaye Johnson and the Port City All-Stars. Admission: $5–12. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

7/3 Coastal Birding Cruise
10 a.m. Board the *Shamrock* for a one-hour tour with Captain Joey Abbate. Admission: $25–35. Blockade Runner Beach Resort Dock, 275 Waynick Boulevard, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 509-2838 or www.nccoast.org.

7/3 Airlie Concert
6–8 p.m. Heartbeat of Soul (beach, rock and soul) perform among the ancient oaks. Food and wine available for purchase. Admission: $2–9. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-7700 or www.airliegardens.org.

7/3 & 4 Ocean City Jazz Festival
5 p.m. Contemporary jazz festival plus food trucks, beer and wine, and silent auction. Includes performances by Mark Whitfield, Marcus Anderson, Willie Bradley, Lenora Zenzalai Helm, Reggie Codrington, and the John Brown Quintet featuring Cyrus Chestnut. Admission: $30 (one day); $50 (both days). Ocean City Community Center, 2649 Island Drive, North Topsail Beach. Info: oceancityjazzfest.com.

7/4 Wine & Beer Tasting
1–3 p.m. Craft beer and fine wine in a unique atmosphere. Greenlands Farm, 668 Midway Road Southeast, Bolivia. Info: (910) 253-7934 or www.greenlandsfarmstore.info.

7/4 4th of July Celebration
5–9 p.m. (celebration); 9–10 p.m. (fireworks). Downtown celebration includes food vendors, live music and fireworks along the Cape Fear River. Free admission. Riverfront Park, Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-4602 or www.wilmingtonrecreation.com.

7/4 Dinner Cruise
6:30–9 p.m. Celebrate Independence Day aboard North Carolina's largest riverboat and enjoy a BBQ buffet. Admission: $44–64. Cape Fear Riverboats, 101 South Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-1611 or cfrboats.com.

7/5 Boogie in the Park
5–7 p.m. Live music by Lynne and the Wave (classic rock, pop, jazz, blues and country). Bring blankets and snacks. Free admission. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Avenue, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

7/6 Meet K-9 Heroes
3:30–4:15 p.m. Officers from the New Hanover County Sheriff's Department bring a real police dog to meet children and demonstrate how specially trained canine officers help keep us safe in the community. Free admission. Myrtle Grove Public Library, 5155 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6303 or www.nhclibrary.org.

7/6 Word Weavers
7–9 p.m. Christian writers' group meeting. Life Point Church, 3534 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 619-7344 or sondradron@bellsouth.net.

7/6–10 Nature Discovery Camp
8 a.m. – 12 p.m. Children ages 5–6 explore a new habitat each day and learn about dragonflies, butterflies, spiders, snakes, frogs, toads, birds and other wildlife. Admission: $100. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

7/6–11 Summer Pop–Up!
11 a.m. – 12 p.m. & 2:30–3:30 p.m. Port City Past. Kids can explore the lives of early Port City dwellers through a museum scavenger hunt and create their own historic toy to take home. Admission: $5–8. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

7/7 Preschool Program
10:30–11:15 a.m. Kids ages 3–6 are invited to play, learn and explore through interactive stories, hands-on experiments and more. Free admission. Hugh MacRae Park, 314 Pine Grove

Cape Fear Blues Festival

7/24–26

Seaglass Salvage Market

7/17&18

Southport Bike Tour

7/18

Sky Quest

7/26

Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6365 or www.wilmingtonnc.com/hugh-mcrae-park.

7/7–8/15 Art Exhibition
10 a.m. – 5:30 p.m. (Tuesday – Friday); 12–5:30 p.m. (Saturday). Dallas Thomas's work (wet and dry media) is heavily influenced by tribal ceremonies and rituals and the Bay Area Figurative Movement of the '50s and '60s. Fourth Friday reception will be held on 7/24. Wilma W. Daniels Gallery, Cape Fear Community College, 200 Hanover Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7000 or cfcc.edu/blogs/wilmagallery.

7/8 Airlie Bird Walk
8–9:30 a.m. Join Wild Bird & Garden's Jill Peleuses and Airlie Gardens environmental educators for a scenic bird walk. Admission: $3–9; free passes available at Wild Bird & Garden. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-6001 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

7/8 Summer Reading Club
7 p.m. An after-hours summer reading club superhero event for kids based on the classic games Capture the Flag and Pac-Man. Players must navigate a life-sized maze and try to locate their team's "Kryptonite" before being captured by super villains. Free admission. Myrtle Grove Public Library, 5155 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6393 or www.nhclibrary.org.

7/8 Public Education Program
7–8:30 p.m. Native Plants & Invasive Species of N.C. Presented by Melanie Doyle, Horticulturalist and Invasive Species Specialist at the N.C. Aquarium at Fort Fisher. Admission: $10. Coastal Education Center, 309 West Salisbury Street, Wrightsville Beach. Info: www.nccoast.org.

7/8 & 9 Live Theater
7 p.m. North Carolina Poet Laureate Shelby Stephenson's new play, *Maytle's World*, premieres. The play is a poetic memoir about North Carolina's agricultural heritage and the role of country music in family life. Also runs 7/12 (3 p.m.) and 7/15 (7 p.m.). Admission: $5–12. Weyerhaeuser Reception Hall, Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

7/8–12 Live Theatre
8 p.m. (Wednesday – Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). Opera House Theatre Company presents the Broadway classic *Crazy for You*. Also runs 7/17–19 & 7/24–26. Admission: $31. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

7/8 & 22 Black River Nature Cruise
10 a.m. – 2 p.m. Cruise narrated by coastal ecologist and author Andy Woods. Admission: $40–49.50. Cape Fear Riverboats, 101 South Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-1611 or cfrboats.com.

7/9 Live Music
6 p.m. Live music by JJ Grey & Mofro (southern rock and blues). Admission: $25–30. Greenfield Lake Amphitheater, 1941 Amphitheater Drive, Wilmington. Info: greenfieldlakeamphitheater.com.

7/9 Jazz at the Mansion
6:30–8:30 p.m. Max Levy and the Hawaiian Shirts perform on the Bellamy lawn. Beer and wine cash bar available. Admission: $12. Bellamy Mansion, 503 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-3700 or www.bellamymansion.org.

7/9 Concert on the Coast
6:30–8:30 p.m. The Carolina Soul Band performs Motown hits. Free admission. Leland Municipal Park, 102 Town Hall Drive, Leland. Info: (910) 332-4814 or www.townofleland.com.

7/9 Live Music on the Pier
7–9 p.m. TONK performs live with Dave Wilson of Chatham County Line. Free admission. Ocean Grill & Tiki Bar, 1211 South Lake Park Boulevard, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-2000 or www.oceangrilltiki.com.

7/9–26 Live Theatre
7:30 p.m. (Thursday – Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). Thalian Association presents the classic Edward Albee drama *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* Admission: $25. Red Barn Studio Theatre, 1122 South Third Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 254-1788 or www.thalian.org.

7/10 Pleasure Island Concert
6:30–8:30 p.m. Mark Roberts Band joins Pleasure Island's summer concert series performing dance, rock, beach and country. Admission: Free. Fort Fisher Recreation Area, 118 Riverfront Road, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8434 or www.pleasureislandnc.org.

7/10–12 East Coast Classic
12–11 p.m. (Friday); 2–8 p.m. (Saturday & Sunday). Annual Pleasure Island King Mackerel fishing tournament. Includes captain's meeting, raffle, kick-off party and awards ceremony plus live entertainment by The Imitations, DJ Mike Worley, Gary Lowder and Smokin' Hot. Carolina Beach Municipal Docks, Canal Drive, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 470-1374 or www.gotemonliveclassic.com.

7/11 Battleship 101
10 a.m. – 3 p.m. Volunteers stationed throughout the ship engage visitors in subjects such as gunnery, radar, sickbay, galley, engineering and daily shipboard life. Admission: $6–14. Battleship NC, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-5797 or www.battleshipnc.com.

7/11 Family Science Saturday
10/11/12 a.m. Explore science, technology, engineering and math while constructing and programming a Lego Mindstorm robot. Admission: $5–8. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

7/11 Kids Magic Show
2–3 p.m. No Sleeves Magic presents *Jester's Jumble*, a brand new magic show for kids written by Michael Rosander especially for NHC Library. Children ages 3–5 will take home a financial literacy kit. Free admission. NHC Main Library, 201 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6303 or www.nhclibrary.org.

7/11 Summer Waves Concert
6–9 p.m. Live music by Sean Olds and the Church of the Eternal (Americana). Free admission. Annsdale Park, 1007 Evangeline Drive, Leland. Info: (910) 371-2434 or www.brunswickforest.com.

7/11 & 25 Discovery Hike
10–11:30 a.m. Explore and discover the ecosystems and plant and animal species that makes

this area biologically diverse. Free admission. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

7/12 Jazz Brunch
12–2 p.m. Sunday Jazz Brunch with Lee Venters Jazz Trio featuring vocalist Deb Hudson. Admission: $15–20. TheatreNOW, 19 South Tenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3669 or theatrewilmington.com.

7/12 Bridal Expo
12–3 p.m. Summer bridal event featuring over fifty of the area's finest wedding vendors and sweet give-aways. Wilmington Convention Center, 515 Nutt Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 259-8323 or www.carolinaweddingguide.com.

7/13 & 14 Youth Nature Program
10–11 a.m. Story time, crafts and a short hike for kids ages 2–5. Theme: Totally Turtles. Admission: $3. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

7/13–18 Summer Pop-Up!
11 a.m. & 2:30 p.m. Starry Nights. Travel through the night sky in the museum's digital planetarium and explore summer constellations. Admission: $5–8. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

7/15 Southport Bird Walk
8:30–9:30 a.m. Join Wild Bird & Garden for a free bird walk around Southport's beautiful historic district and waterfront. Wild Bird & Garden, 105 East Brown Street, Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

7/15 Snake & Turtle Feeding
4–4:30 p.m. Enjoy a brief presentation about the live animals on display in the Events Center and then watch them feed. Admission: $1. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

7/15 Live Music
6 p.m. Guster (indie/alternative) performs with Kishi Bashi. Admission: $19–28. Greenfield Lake Amphitheater, 1941 Amphitheater Drive, Wilmington. Info: greenfieldlakeamphitheater.com.

7/15 Energy Clearing Meditation
6:15–7:15 p.m. Energy clearing meditation for balance led by energy healer Jennifer Chapis. Suggested donation: $15. McKay Healing Arts, 4916 Wrightsville Avenue, Wilmington. Info: www.allovehealing.com.

7/16 National Theatre
2 p.m. OLLI presents *Everyman*. Admission: $18–20. Osher Lifelong Learning Institute, 620 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3195 or www.uncw.edu/olli.

7/16 Music & Performance Art
7 p.m. Crystal Bright and the Silver Hands (eclectic and haunting yet whimsical and carnivalesque; dubbed "kaleidophrenic cabaret). Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

7/17 Afternoon Tea
2–4 p.m. Signature tea plus sweet and savory items made fresh on the farm. Includes crumpets, petit fours, finger sandwiches and salads. Greenlands Farm, 668 Midway Road Southeast, Bolivia. Info: (910) 253-7934 or www.greenlandsfarmstore.info.

7/17 Southport Paint-n-Pour
4–6 p.m. Step-by-step art class with Kathleen McLeod. Art supplies provided; bring your own beverage. No painting experience necessary. Admission: $35. Wild Bird & Garden, 105 East Brown Street, Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

7/17 Airlie Concert
6–8 p.m. Live music by L Shape Lot (Americana, bluegrass and country). Food and wine available for purchase. Admission: $2–9. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-7700 or www.airliegardens.org.

7/17 Kids' Night Out
6:30–9 p.m. Fun and games for kids ages 7–13. Includes arts and crafts, computer games, bingo, Lego building contest, sports and refreshments. Free admission. Maides Park, 1101 Manly Avenue, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-7867 or www.wilmingtonrecreation.com.

7/17 & 18 Seaglass Salvage Market
9 a.m. – 5 p.m. (Friday & Saturday). Eclectic indoor/outdoor market featuring up-cycled and repurposed furniture, home décor and accessories, plus garden and yard décor, jewelry, chocolates, salvage art, mid century modern pieces and industrial salvage items for DIY projects. Location: 1987 Andrew Jackson Highway, Leland. Info: www.seaglasssalvagemarket.com.

7/17–19 Pro-Am Surf Fest
8 a.m. (Friday – Sunday). Attracting dozens of amateur and professional surfers from around the world, the Pro-Am has become one of the largest surfing contests on the east coast. Event boasts over $25,000 in cash and prizes and features a music and arts festival on Saturday evening. Birmingham Street, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-3821 or www.sweetwatersurfshop.com.

7/18 Southport Bicycle Tour
8 a.m. Slow-paced bicycle tour through historical Southport. Pre-registration required. Admission: $20–28. The Adventure Company, 807-A Howe Street, Southport. Info: (910) 454-0607 or www.theadventurecompany.net.

7/18 Beach Reads Booksale
9 a.m. – 1 p.m. Thousands of gently used pocket-sized paperbacks at 50 cents each. Proceeds benefit the New Hanover County Public Library. NHC Northeast Regional Library, 1241 Military Cutoff Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6322 or www.nhclibrary.org.

7/18 Financial Literacy Program
10 a.m. & 2 p.m. Juggling Money. Paul Miller of Flow Circus pulls off juggling feats and magic tricks while telling an adventure story in which hard work and smart choices lead to big rewards. For ages 3–5. NHC Myrtle Grove Library, 5155 South College Road, Wilmington & NHC Main Library, 201

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7/18 Oakdale Flashlight Tour
8–10 p.m. Historical walking tour of North Carolina's oldest rural cemetery led by local historians Chris Fonvielle, Ed Gibson and Superintendent Eric Kozen. Admission: $15. Oakdale Cemetery, 520 North Fifteenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-5682 or www.oakdalecemetery.org.

7/19 Boogie in the Park
5–7 p.m. Live music by Mark Roberts Band. Bring blankets and snacks. Free admission. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Avenue, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

7/20 Live Music on the Pier
7–9 p.m. Sonny and the Sunsets perform on the pier. Free admission. Ocean Grill & Tiki Bar, 1211 South Lake Boulevard, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-2000 or www.oceangrilltiki.com.

7/20–24 Junior Naturalist Camp
8 a.m. – 5 p.m. Explore and discover the diversity of plants and animals in North Carolina through hands-on learning and field trips to various natural areas and attractions. Campers learn how to safely explore, observe and appreciate nature. For ages 7–9. Admission: $200. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

7/20–25 Summer Pop-Up!
11 a.m. & 2:30 p.m. Movement Challenge. Experiment with force and motion; work with others to lift loads, move weights, and use simple machines. Admission: $5–8. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

7/22 Preschool Program
10:30–11:15 a.m. Kids ages 3–6 are invited to play, learn and explore through interactive stories, hands-on experiments and more. Free admission. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-6365 or www.airliegardens.org.

7/24 Southport Chirp
9–10 a.m. Informal gathering of bird and birding enthusiasts. Bring your questions, bird sightings and stories to share. Wild Bird & Garden, 105 East Brown Street, Southport. Info: (910) 457-9453 or www.wildbirdgardeninc.com.

7/24 Fourth Friday
6–9 p.m. Downtown galleries, studios and art spaces open their doors to the public in an after-hours celebration of art and culture. Free admission. Info: (910) 343-0998 or www.artscouncilofwilmington.org.

7/24 Pleasure Island Concert
6:30–8:30 p.m. Live music by Eastbound (modern country). Free admission. Fort Fisher Recreation Area, 118 Riverfront Road, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8434 or www.pleasureislandnc.org.

7/24 Live Music
7 p.m. Former Black Crowes blues powerhouse The Chris Robinson Brotherhood perform live at Greenfield Lake. Admission: $24–30. Greenfield Lake Amphitheater, 1941 Amphitheater Drive, Wilmington. Info: greenfieldlakeamphitheater.com.

7/24 Live Opera
8 p.m. Opera Wilmington presents Verdi's *Rigoletto*. Opening champagne dinner reception held at 6 p.m. Admission: $40/performance; $50/dinner reception. UNCW Cultural Arts Building, 5270 Randall Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or www.opera-wilmington.org.

7/24–26 Cape Fear Blues Festival
7:30 p.m. (Friday); 12 p.m. (Saturday & Sunday). Three-day, all-day celebration showcasing local, regional and national musicians with live concerts, blues jams, workshops and a blues cruise. Locations include Henrietta III, The Rusty Nail and Ted's Fun on the River. Info: (910) 350-8822 or www.capefearblues.org/festival.

7/24–26 Live Musical Theatre
7:30 p.m. (Friday & Saturday); 3 p.m. (Sunday). Brunswick Little Theatre presents *Shrek the Musical*. Also runs 7/31–8/2. Admission: $4.50–16.50. Odell Williamson Auditorium, BCC, 50 College Road Northwest, Bolivia. Info: (910) 447-2586 or www.bccowa.com.

7/25 Junior Homestead Dinner
4–6:30 p.m. Two-course family dinner offering the full "farm to table" experience. Evening includes a farm tour and hayride, dinner and dessert. Greenlands Farm, 668 Midway Road SE, Bolivia. Info: (910) 253-7934 or www.greenlandsfarmstore.info.

7/25 Hippie Ball
7–11 p.m. Fundraiser/celebration for Kids Making It (60s and '70s-era theme) includes food, drinks, silent auction, dancing and live music by Blivet. Prizes will be awarded for "best dressed" and "best dancers". Admission: $50. Proceeds benefit Kids Making It. UNCW Warwick Center, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 262-3452 or www.kidsmakingit.org.

7/26 Sky Quest
1:30, 2:30 & 3:30 p.m. Discover the world of astronomy in the museum's digital planetarium. Admission: $5–8. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

7/26 Sacred Harp Singers
1:30 p.m. (Beginners); 2–4 p.m. (Group). Join Wilmington Sacred Harp Singers in performing a dynamic form of a cappella social singing dating back to Colonial America. Free admission. Weyerhaeuser Reception Hall, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

7/27 & 28 Youth Nature Program
10–11 a.m. Story time, crafts and a short hike for kids ages 2–5. Theme: Creepy Crawlies. Admission: $3. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

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7/27–8/1 Summer Pop-Up!
11 a.m. & 2:30 p.m. Back Yard Explorers. Investigate the natural world in the museum's Discovery Gallery, build a Venus Flytrap puppet, pretend to be a beaver, and make a nature journal to take home. Admission: $5–8. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4362 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

7/29 Page to Stage Unlimited
6:30–8 p.m. A series of readings (comedy and drama) written and performed by local authors and producers. The public is invited to attend and offer feedback. Free admission. Weyerhaeuser Reception Hall, Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

7/29–8/2 Live Theater
8 p.m. Big Dawg Productions presents *The Hermit of Fort Fisher*, the true-life story of Robert E. Harrell. Written by David Anthony Wright; directed by Steven Vernon. Admission: $17–25. Greenfield Lake Amphitheater, 1941 Amphitheater Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 742-0416 or greenfieldlakeamphitheater.com.

7/31 Kayaking Adventure
5–9 p.m. Blue Moon kayaking adventure includes a sunset paddle from River Road Park to Shark Tooth Island. Admission: $35–45. River Road Park, 6500 River Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

WEEKLY HAPPENINGS

Monday Sunrise Ocean Flow Yoga
7:30–8:30 a.m. Sand, sun and sea unite in an all-levels oceanfront yoga class with instructor Tamara Cairns. Yoga mats provided. Runs through 8/24. Admission: $10. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Avenue, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

Monday Farmers' Market
8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Curbside beach market offering a variety of fresh, locally grown produce, baked goods, plants and unique arts and crafts. Municipal Grounds, Seawater Lane, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-7925 or www.townofwrightsvillebeach.com.

Monday Bird Walk
9–11 a.m. Guided walk around a shorebird nesting colony with Wrightsville Beach bird stewards. Binoculars, sunscreen, and water recommended. Free. Wrightsville Beach Public Access 43, Jack Parker Boulevard, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 686-7527 or wbbirdsteward.blogspot.com.

Monday Up & Active!
6–7 p.m. Live music by Lynne and the Wave plus games and fun on the lawn. Runs through 8/17. Free admission. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Avenue, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

Monday Turtle Talk
7–8 p.m. Join the Pleasure Island Sea Turtle Project at the Pavilion for an engaging educational discussion about our local nesting sea turtles. Free admission. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Avenue, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

Monday – Wednesday Farm Camp
8:30 a.m. – 4 p.m. Children ages 5–13 learn about organic farming and a variety of animals. Activities include egg collection, goat milking, pony grooming, soap making, canning, baking, vegetable picking, meal prep, and pony and llama cart rides. Lunch included. Greenlands Farm, 668 Midway Road Southeast, Bolivia. Info: (910) 253-7934 or www.greenlandsfarmstore.info.

Monday – Wednesday Cinematique Films
7 p.m. Independent, classic and foreign films screened in historic Thalian Hall. Check online for updated listings and special screenings. Admission: $7. Thalian Hall, 310 Chestnut Street, Wilmington. Info/Tickets: (910) 632-2285 or www.thalianhall.org.

Tuesday Kure Beach Market
8 a.m. – 12 p.m. Open-air market featuring locally grown produce and artisan crafts. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Avenue, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

Tuesday Wine Tasting
6–8 p.m. Free wine tasting hosted by a wine professional plus wine and small plate specials all night. The Fortunate Glass, 29 South Front Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-4292 or www.fortunateglasswinebar.com.

Tuesday Cape Fear Blues Jam
8 p.m. A unique gathering of the area's finest Blues musicians. Bring your instrument and join the fun. No cover charge. The Rusty Nail, 1310 South Fifth Avenue. Info: (910) 251-1888 or www.capefearblues.org.

Tuesday & Wednesday Movies
10 a.m. Family-friendly series hosted by Regal Cinema. 7/1: *Paddington* (PG) & *Turbo* (PG). 7/7 & 8: *Rio 2* (G) & *How to Train Your Dragon 2* (PG); 7/14 & 15: *Mr. Peabody & Sherman* (PG) & *The Book of Life* (PG); 7/21 & 22: *Night at the Museum: Secrets of the Tomb* (PG) & *Penguins of Madagascar* (PG); 7/28 & 29: *Madagascar 3* (PG) & *Dolphin Tale 2* (PG). Admission: $1. Regal Cinema at Mayfaire, 900 Town Center Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-1857 or www.regmovies.com/movies/summer-movie-express.

Wednesday Farmers' Market
8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Open-air market held on the front lawn of the historic Poplar Grove Plantation. Poplar Grove Plantation, 10200 US Highway 17 North, Wilmington. Info: (910) 686-9518 or www.poplargrove.org/farmers-market.

Wednesday Story Time by the Sea
10–11:30 a.m. Join characters from Fairytales and Dreams by the Sea for stories, crafts and games. Come dressed as your favorite character and take photos with the princesses. Free admission. Ocean Front Park, 105 Atlantic Avenue, Kure Beach. Info: (910) 458-8216 or www.townofkurebeach.org.

Wednesday T'ai Chi at CAM
12–1 p.m. Qigong (Practicing the Breath of Life) with Martha Gregory. Open to beginner and experienced participants. Admission:

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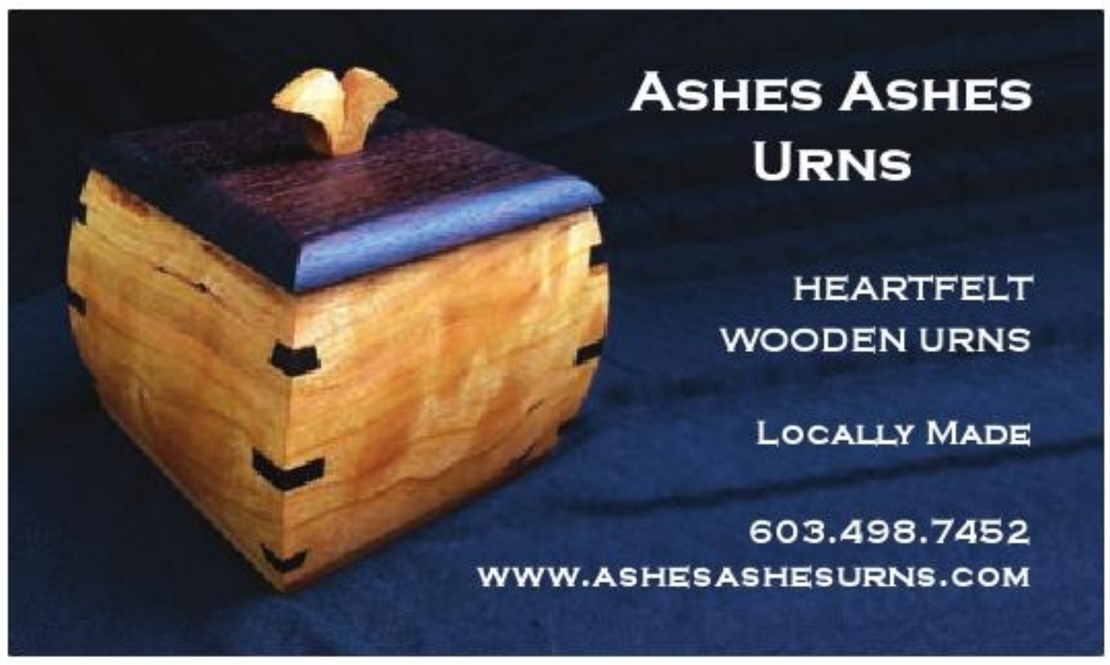

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$5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Wednesday Live Music @ CAM Cafe
5:30–7:30 p.m. Treat yourself to the elegant sounds of classical guitar by Rob Nathanson while enjoying CAM Café's Mexico-themed tapas menu. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Wednesday Evening Nature Series
7/1: Bats (8–9 p.m.); 7/8: Birds of Prey (6–7 p.m. & 7–8 p.m.); 7/15: Night Creatures (9–10 p.m.); 7/29: Alligators (6:30–7:30 p.m.). Admission: $5. Halyburton Park, 4099 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

Wednesday & Friday Beachside Music
6–9 p.m. Enjoy live music on the pier at Oceanic restaurant. 7/1: Mike Frusia; 7/3: Mykel Barbee; 7/8: Rob Ronner; 7/10: Brennan Simmons; 7/15: Mykel Barbee; 7/17: Mike Frusia; 7/22: Brennan Simmons; 7/24: Tony Barnes; 7/29: Rob Ronner; 7/31: Mykel Barbee. Oceanic, 703 South Lumina Avenue, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-5551 or oceanicrestaurant.com.

Thursday Yoga at the CAM
12–1 p.m. Open to beginner and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 South Seventeenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Thursday Sounds of Summer
6:30–8 p.m. Free outdoor music series presented by WECT. 7/2: The Fury (rock & roll); 7/9: The Other Guys (acoustic rock, pop & Americana); 7/16: Selah Dubb (reggae, rock & hip-hop; 7/23: Jack Jack 180 (pop, rock & party cover); 7/30: Bantam Rooster (garage rock). Free admission. Wrightsville Beach Park, 1 Bob Sawyer Drive, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-7925 or www.townofwrightsvillebeach.com.

Thursday Boardwalk Blast Music
6:30–9:30 p.m. Family-friendly concerts at the boardwalk with a sunset fireworks display. 7/2: Southern Trouble (modern country); 7/9: The Cut (pop & rock); 7/16: Machine Gun (hard rock); 7/23: Beachbilly Brothers (rock); 7/30: Eastbound (country). Free admission. Carolina Beach Boardwalk, Cape Fear Boulevard, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-8434 or www.pleasureislandnc.org.

Friday Music on the Town
6–9 p.m. Family-friendly concerts at Mayfaire Town Center with bounce houses, cotton candy and snow cones for kids. 7/3: 2D Marine Divisions Band; 7/10: Sonic Spectrum (funk, rock, pop & soul); 7/17: Groove Fetish (jam rock & original); 7/24: Southern Trouble (country & southern rock); 7/31: Selah Dub (reggae). Free admission. Mayfaire Town Center, 6835 Main Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-5131 or www.mayfairetown.com.

Friday Downtown Sundown
6–10 p.m. Free downtown concert series overlooking the Cape Fear River. 7/3: 20 Ride (Zac Brown Band tribute); 7/10: The Breakfast Club (1980's tribute); 7/17: Shoot to Trill (AC/DC tribute); 7/24: Abbey Road Live (Beatles tribute); 7/31: Groovetown (party band). Free admission. Riverfront Park, North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 763-7349 or www.wilmingtondowntown.com.

Friday & Saturday Dinner Theatre
7 p.m. Summers at Seabreeze: Songs & Remembrances of Freeman Beach. Multimedia piece celebrating the storied history of Seabreeze, a popular summer spot for African Americans during the era of segregation. Admission: $20–34. TheatreNOW, 19 South Tenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-3669 or theatrewilmington.com.

Saturday Farmers' Market
8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Outdoor "island-style" market featuring live music and local growers, producers and artisans selling fresh local produce, wines, meats, baked goods, herbal products and handmade crafts. Carolina Beach Lake Park, Highway 421 & Atlanta Avenue, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 431-8122 or www.carolinabeachfarmersmarket.com.

Saturday Riverfront Farmers' Market
8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Curbside market featuring local farmers, producers, artists, crafters and live music along the banks of the Cape Fear River. Products include fresh produce, herbs, flowers, meats, baked goods, canned items, wine, art and more. Riverfront Park, North Water Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-6223 or www.wilmingtondowntown.com/events/farmers-market.

Saturday Carnivorous Plant Hike
10 a.m. – 12 p.m. Explore the Stanley Rehder Carnivorous Plant Garden and learn about the history and species of the garden. Free admission. Piney Ridge Nature Preserve, 3800 Canterbury Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 341-0075 or www.halyburtonpark.com.

Saturday Port City Playwrights
11 a.m. A guild of local playwrights and screenwriters that supports writers in all levels of development. McAlister's Deli, 740 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: portcityplaywright.wix.com/pcpp.

Sunday Bluewater Waterfront Music
4–7 p.m. Summer concerts on the waterfront patio. 7/5: Machine Gun (hard rock); 7/12: The Carvers (surf & stomp); 7/19: Brent Stimmel (folk, pop & country); 7/26: Selah Dubb (reggae). Bluewater Waterfront Grill, 4 Marina Street, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-8500 or www.bluewaterdining.com.

Sunday Movies at the Lake
8:45 p.m. Family-friendly outdoor movie screening by the lake. Popcorn, soda and candy available for purchase. 7/5: *Dolphin Tale 2* (PG); 7/12: *Into the Woods* (PG); 7/19: *Cloudy with a Chance of Meatballs 2* (PG); 7/26: *Night at the Museum: Secret of the Tomb* (PG). Free admission. Carolina Beach Lake Park, Highway 421 and Atlanta Avenue, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-8434 or www.pleasureislandnc.org.

To add a calendar event, please contact Ashley at ashley@saltmagazinenc.com. Events must be submitted the first of the month, one month prior to the event.

Salt
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60	Wrightsville Beach Museum of History

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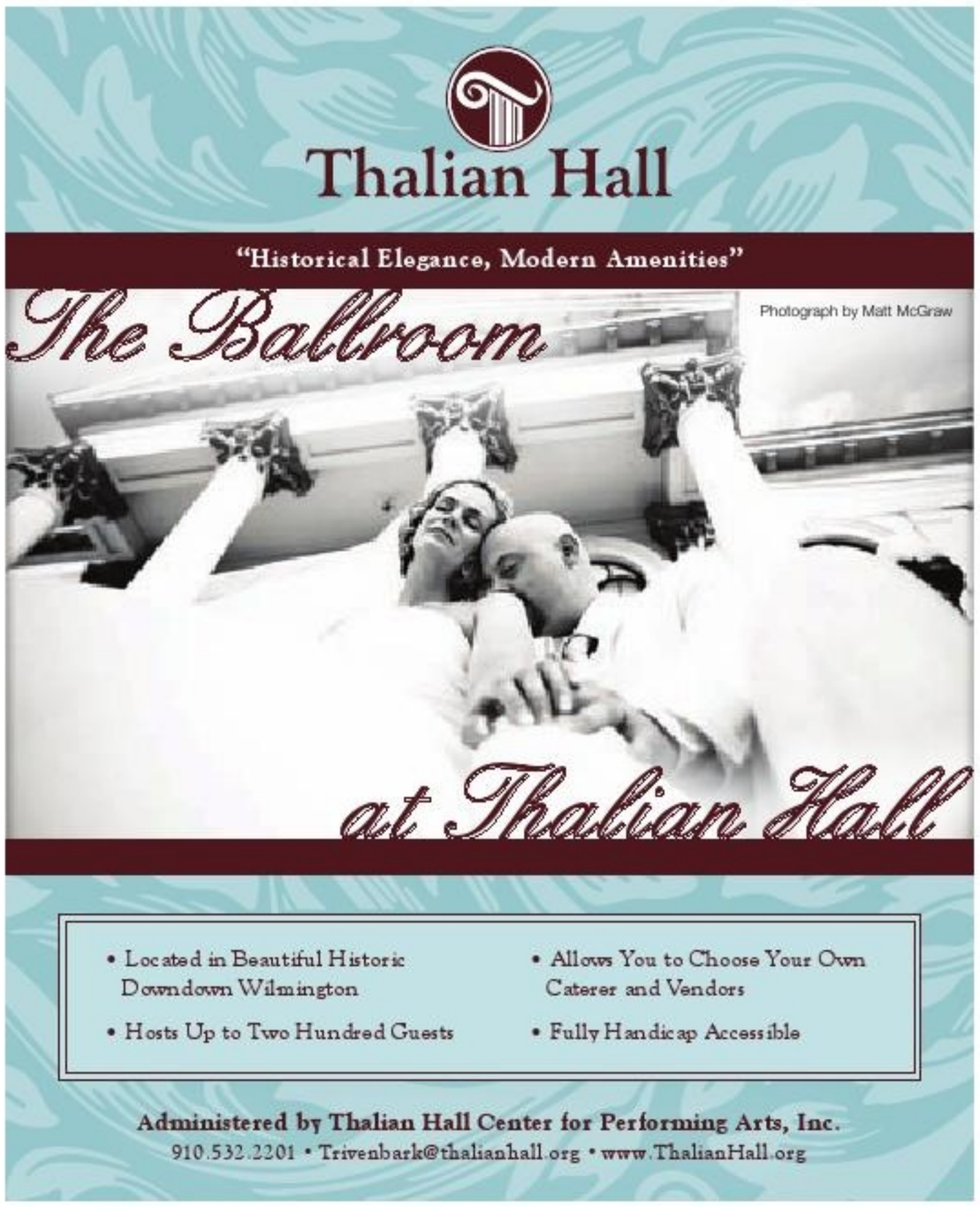
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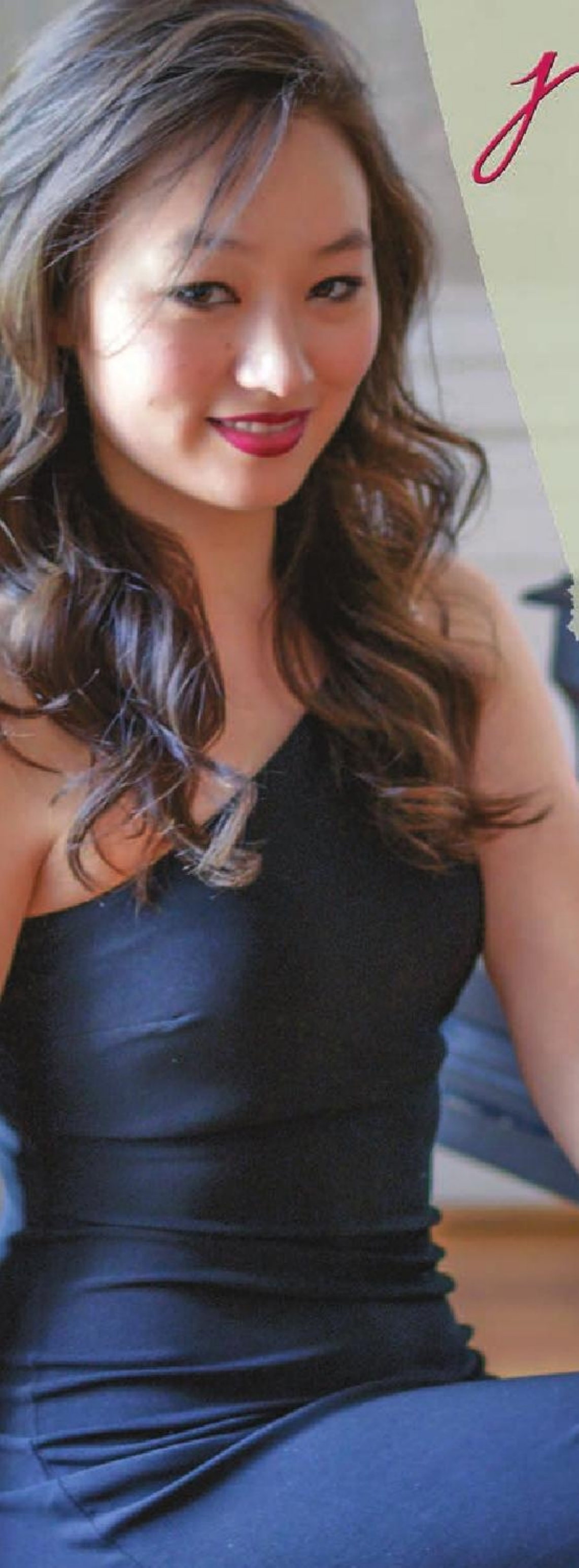

Marika Manda

she's Uniquely Greensboro

As a talented operatic singer and an honors student, Marika has always loved singing, and has known since the fifth grade that she would be a singer. She also knew she wanted to attend a college that made her growth a priority.

At Greensboro College, Marika has found a supportive, nurturing music faculty, and she is also benefiting from a broad-based curriculum that has allowed her to sample musical genres including opera and musical theatre, while also learning the practical side of performing – staging, stage presence, voicing and diction.

Now, Marika is preparing her honors thesis and a trip to study abroad at the University of Ulster in Derry, Northern Ireland. While there, she hopes to study traditional Irish music.

When Marika graduates in May 2016, she has her sights set on graduate school and a career performing professionally, leaving Greensboro College uniquely prepared for the world stage.

After all, Greensboro College is where she found her voice.

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Port City People

30th Annual YWCA Women of Acheivement Awards

Thursday, May 7, 2015

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Rachael Jordan, Fernne Green, Marjorie Williamson

Linda Toth, Lisa Hill, Helen Stevens, Donna Gurganus

Leslie Hossfeld, Philip Furia, Laurie Patterson

Victoria and Patrice Willetts

Sue Sessoms, Jason Clamme

Jo Ann & Alvin Hickman

Farauk Hartwick, Pamela Butler

Betsy & Larry Mapheny

Lea Mucciacciaro and Samuel Baldi

Port City People

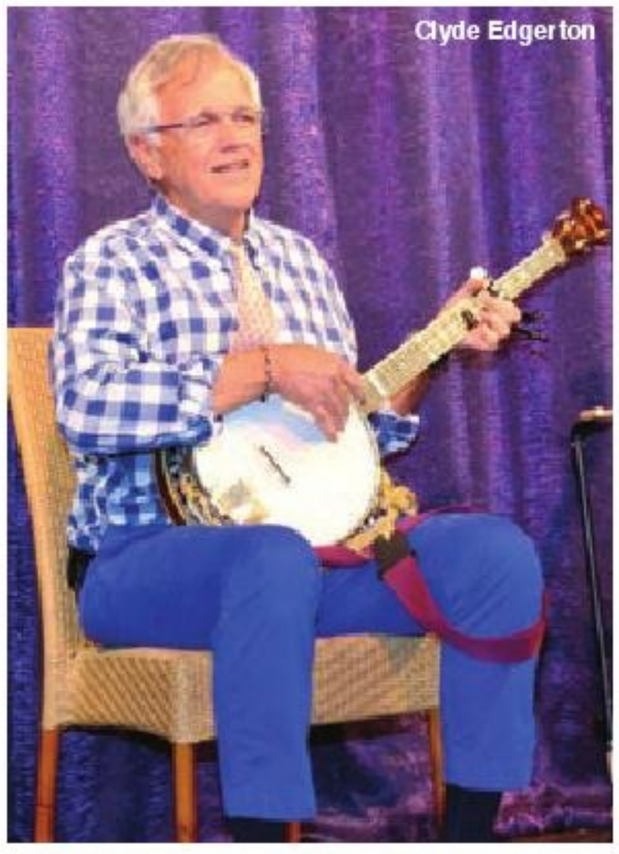
Meet the Author Clyde Edgerton

Raney Reception

Friday, May 8, 2015

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Bill & Wendy Wagner


Clyde Edgerton

Tom Covington, Ann & Greg Richardson, Susan Covington

Justin Smith, Zach Hanner, Rhonda Bellamy, Clyde Edgerton, Jayme Bednarczyk

Dana and Alisa Harris

Beverly Grasley, Megan Criss, Amanda Smith

Sandy Robinson, Lisa Moon, Jaime Smith

Port City People

Relay for Life of New Hanover County

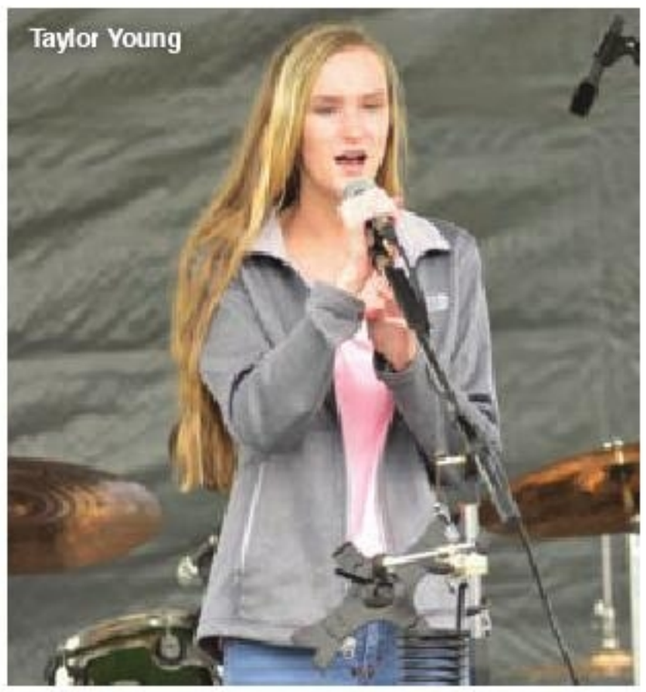
American Cancer Society Fundraiser
Saturday, April 25, 2015
Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Donald & Angie Laubscher

Celia Spencer and Chris Brarens

Dillard Williams, Jessica Halso, Eden Cassidy

Paula Oathout, Sarah Clewis, Joe Levenger


Taylor Young

Carolyn Schwartzel and Mary Grace Kearney

(Back) Andrea Smith, Kristin Johnston, Krystle Cochrane; (Front) Brynn Cato, Kylie Cochrane, Aislynn Smith, Aiden Cochrane

Heather Heinze, Benita Miller

Byron Smith, Carmen Smith, Darna Kates, Kaitlin Kates, Shannon Hoffman, Glenn Vonderheide

Bobbie Padgett

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Port City People

Hope Gala

Benefit for the Juvenile Diabetes Research Fund

Saturday, May 16, 2015

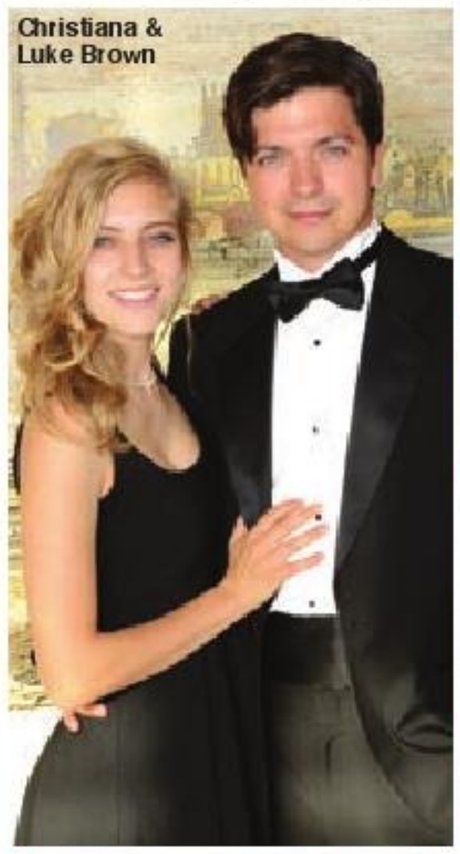
Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Daniel & Amy Norris

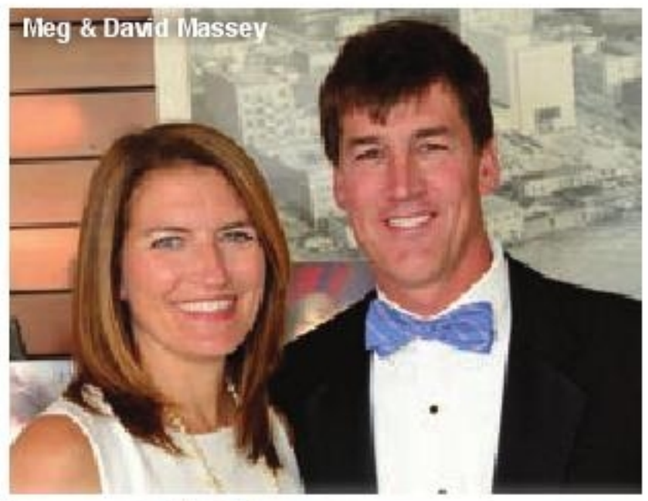
Bradley & Jennifer Dove

Page Scott, Rachael Smith, Bailey Sito

Kyle Morrison, Belinda Morrison, Dr. Richard Morrison


Christiana & Luke Brown

Connie Hill, Dayna Edwards


Meg & David Massey

Corinne Edwards

Meg Massey and Adelin Massey

Ryan & Meredith McInnis

Terri & George Alsina

Debbie Griffen

Sheila, Jon, and Abby Evans

Joe & Angie Jackson, Shital Patel

Port City People

Masonboro.org Benefit and Auction

Bradley Creek Marina

Thursday, June 11, 2015

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

(Back) Tom Hackler, Brad Fields, Jack Kilbourne, Neal Andrew, Richard Johnson, Haywood Newkirk; (Front), Dwight Jessup, Mike Bower, Beth Andrew, Kathy Raines, Audrey Holloman

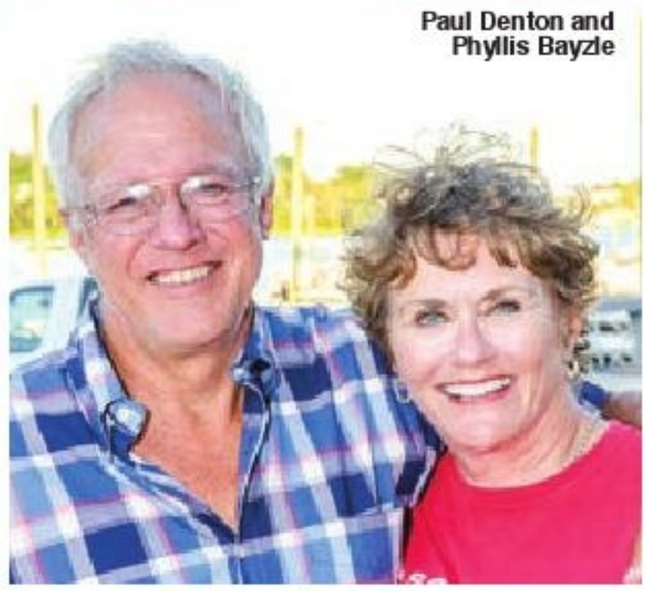
Frank Albanese, Sandy Coen, Pam O'Bryan

Angela Williamson and Bill Tomey II

Greg Koenig and Meredith Howell

Becky Romulus, Sarah Hicks, Cissie Brooks

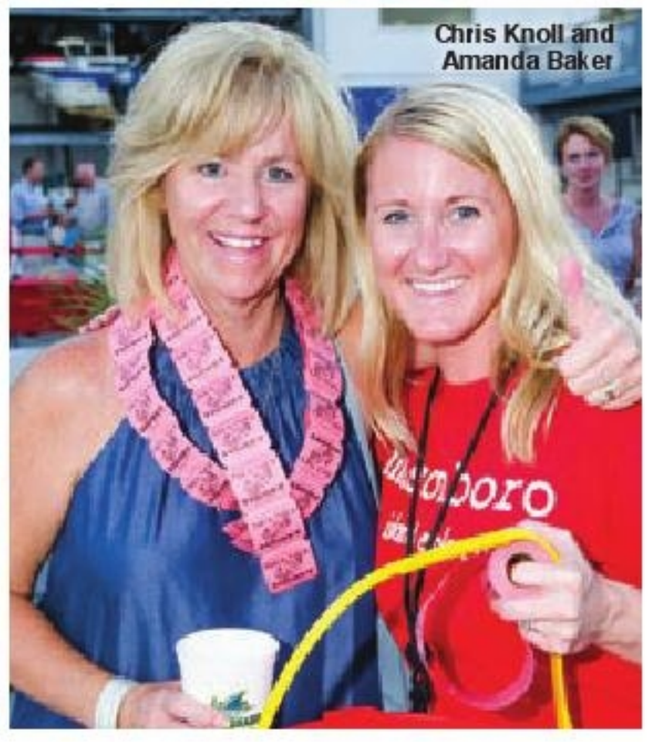
Meade & Allyson McFarlane, Jonathan & Kristen Allen



Paul Denton and Phyllis Bayzle

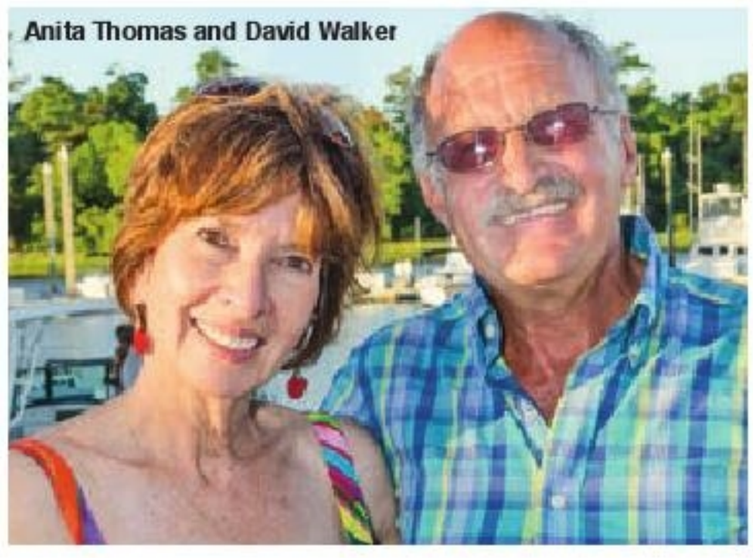
Blair Whitman, Lanie Johnston, Tom & Bernie Smith

Rudy & Nan Howard



Chris Knoll and Amanda Baker

Rebeca Durham, Kelly Godfrey, Kelly Foreman, Jane Radack



Anita Thomas and David Walker

Life in a Well-Fed Universe

Wind up, honey pie, and heave that ripe tomato!

By Astrid Stellanova

Food fighters unite! Star Children, I love me a good old-fashioned food fight. I once lobbed a heaping helping of marshmallow fluff right at Beau's forehead. If you never heard of Beau, my sometimes boyfriend, then you ain't been reading Astrid. In the scheme of things, a little fluff flung at a boyfriend (especially one who has a wandering eye) ain't the worst thing. I say vent your humor, vent your spleen, but don't carry angst around — that would be a big waste of a wonderful summer month and bad for the digestion!

Cancer (June 21–July 22)

You say you don't much enjoy a fuss being made over your birthday. But you are sulky when the party doesn't come off — so don't pretend. Make a fuss over yourself. Eat more (expensive) chocolate this month. Seriously. You have quietly done a lot of nice things for others that may not be appreciated. Honey, that's OK, because karma is swift. In your case, that is a good thing; your being a dependable friend is one of your best attributes. You may try very hard to pretend you have an aura of nothingness — just fitting in with the crowd — but that is so not true.

Leo (July 23–August 22)

It is comical when you get worked up and all self-righteous. And there you go, thinking somebody else is always trying to hog the high road. Life is a lot like a tapas restaurant — the best things come in small servings you can share with others. Do not spend another month of your life looking for congratulations and recognition, when all you did was sit down and order off the menu. Also, try cinnamon for your high blood pressure, Sweet Thing, and wiggle your tense little tootsies when you get up in the morning.

Virgo (August 23–September 22)

Face it, you are witty . . . but you ain't going to wind up being no refrigerator magnet. So try distracting your best friend from their troubles. This is a good opportunity to take them to eat at a food truck. If you haven't done that, it is high time. It ain't like you are in the *Hunger Games*. While you are inhaling that second fish taco, don't forget why you're there: for your buddy. Really focus on them and lend an ear. They need your counsel and support more than they need air.

Libra (September 23–October 22)

Still saving up for a Thigh Master, Honey? (Beau bought me a knockoff, Big Mike's Fitness Thigh Blaster. Matter of fact, I'm using it right now.) You are a person of substance, and that's the way God made you. Always ready for the party, and the first one there. When you get in your Bermuda shorts, everybody appreciates you being you, and the fun you bring to the table. If you are still determined to lose weight, don't get so serious you leave the whipped cream off the Jell-O. Order from the full menu of life and stop worrying.

Scorpio (October 23–November 21)

This is a good month to pay attention to eating better. Change is an inside job. Stock local produce and eat things that weren't imported from thousands of miles away. Get your collard greens fix this month and throw in some hog jowl for good measure. Let things roll off your back and chill.

Sagittarius (November 22–December 21)

Don't make fighting regret your main pastime. Sometimes you fight with your demons, and sometimes you just gotta cuddle up and make friends with them. And speaking of making friends with your demons, don't fight your obsession with all things blueberry. I intend to change the world one gigantic blueberry muffin at a time; or was that one muffin top at a time? Either way, flash them blue teeth and smile more!

Capricorn (December 22–January 19)

When you repeated yourself all over again last month, and resisted accepting the one thing that would make you happy, well, Honey, all Astrid can say is that was just pants on the head stupid. Get your pants off your head, pull your big boy or big girl pants on one leg at a time, and undo that ridiculousness you set in motion. You know what it was and you know how to fix it. You can; you will. And by the way, you happen to be a born sous chef; enjoy some quality kitchen time.

Aquarius (January 20–February 18)

It is not a Burger King World, and, Darling, you cannot always have it your way. Except when you can. In July, you can. Let me simply say, this is a month that should leave you feeling full of your very fine self. Snap your fingers, and somebody jumps. Enjoy it. You have not had an easy year. Can you deal with everything going your way for a while? Others learn from watching you operate so smoothly in the kitchen of life. Tie those apron strings and enjoy just how fine it is going to be.

Pisces (February 19–March 20)

Eat your broccoli. Try juicing some green stuff. You've been looking a little peaked lately, and some of that is from ignoring what your body needs. You don't have to wear garlic around your neck, but do be wary when your spirits register low, Baby. Rest up, because you have a visitor coming that will require more than a little psychic energy. What this friend needs most is to be recharged by time with someone they value — and that is you, Sweet Thing.

Aries (March 21–April 19)

You have got high-on-the-hog tastes, but when you are home alone you are more like Miss Piggy than Duchess Kate. That's right, my Ram: You have a thing for peanut butter straight from the jar. There's something about licking peanut butter right off the spoon that keeps you grounded and real; it is part of what makes you naturally lovable. Celebrate this month with an old friend who has had a run of bad luck. You will have enough good luck to go around, July Bug.

Taurus (April 20–May 20)

Your experimental side has taught you that goats can be good for Caribbean stew but bad as a role model. Your palate is pretty incredible; there are not many people that eat turtle, goat, squirrel and even gator, but you do, and that is why you are endlessly fascinating to an ever-growing circle. At least once in a while, try a turn in the kitchen. You are a creative cook, and this would delight your partner.

Gemini (May 21–June 20)

Your sweet tooth is legendary. Yes, Honey, you know your way around a dessert cart, and yet you don't let yourself loose nearly enough. Indulgence is the word for this month, when you have the appetite and the opportunity to taste some truly sweet moments. Don't pass them up. Order the sampler. If you wind up living a life of sad denial, you still won't make it to sainthood, Sugar. OH

For years, Astrid Stellanova owned and operated Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon in the boondocks of North Carolina until arthritic fingers and her popular astrological readings provoked a new career path.

MEDITERRANEAN VEGGIE BREAKFAST WRAP

A refreshingly light tortilla wrap toasted with scrambled egg, feta cheese, roasted peppers and baby spinach.

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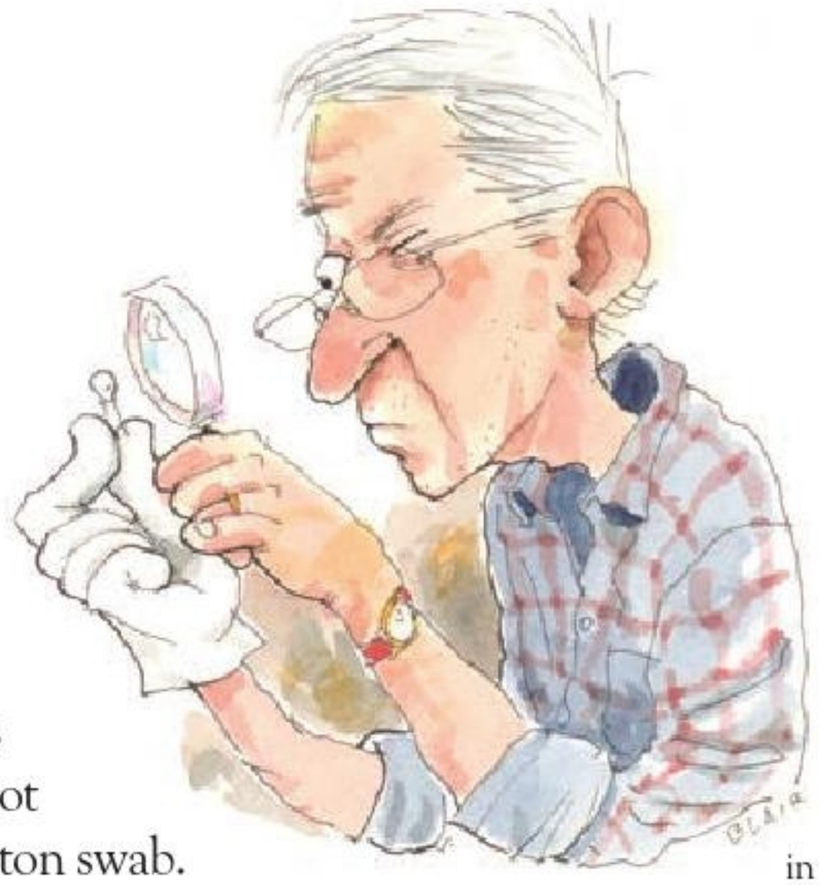
To Change a Light Bulb

How many tech-challenged, frugal fathers does it take?



By Clyde Edgerton

I just finished putting a light bulb in my children's bathroom. It took about thirty minutes — a teeny-tiny screw-in light bulb not much bigger than the head of a cotton swab. Before 1985 or so you could walk into a grocery store and buy a 40, 60, 75, or 100 watt light bulb, each about the size of a small baseball, with standard sized screw-in threads. No thinking involved.

You can do that now, but if your house was built in the last twenty years or so — or remodeled — you will have to go to Lowe's or Home Depot and stand in front of a wall of many types of light bulbs. The wall is the size of a gym floor.

Our remodeled bathroom has two hanging lamps. They each hang on a cord from the ceiling. The so-called bulb that goes with each is about the size of the one for my children's bathroom, but rather than screw-in threads it has two pins sticking out of it. The pins are side by side and maybe three-quarters of an inch long. You stick the pins up into the receptacle that is under the little conical shade. Mine kept burning out until somebody told me you are not supposed to touch the glass part. By that time, in frustration, I'd torn off some of my shirts. I read the packaging that cannot be removed without a two-ton log splitter, and sure enough the warning was there in ultra-fine print: Don't touch the contents of this package with your skin.

People. You are not supposed to *touch* them? Oh, did I say that these bulbs cost eight to twelve dollars each? I now close my eyes in front of the great wall in Lowe's when looking for a bulb, and just pick one and keep my eyes closed at the cash register when I buy them so I can't know how much I'm paying. I often get the wrong bulb, same as when I was keeping my eyes open. And I stumble into people and displays here and there.

Given what I've spent for light bulbs in the last year, if my father were alive he would die.

Those two pin-like prongs can go in several ways, but only one way makes the light work. Back when I was foolishly touching the bulb several months ago, sometimes the light came on; sometimes it didn't. I started hitting the shades and they'd come on, but less and less often. Now they won't work at all. We have a lamp found in the attic placed by the bathroom sink now. It has the new kind of lamp bulb that replaced the older ones, of course. Lithium, or whatever it is. For some reason it lights at half power for a half hour before it comes on all the way.

The one that stopped working in the children's bathroom tonight was, as mentioned, a tiny screw-in bulb, vaguely similar to the ones with the pin-like prongs, and I found another just like it in a plastic bag in the tool drawer, without instructions, so I didn't know if I could touch it or not. I held it in a paper towel and stood on a stool that was too short for me to see down into the open-at-the-top, globe-like light container. I couldn't find the receptacle, though I was searching for it with my finger when my 10-year-old son came in and said, "You want me to turn off this light switch?"

"Yeah, sure. Thanks."

He turned it off and said, "You are doing that and *you forgot to turn off the light switch?*"

"Go do your homework."

I got a tall stool from the kitchen so I could see down into the open-topped globe and find the receptacle to screw the tiny bulb into. Climbing up onto the kitchen stool by way of the short stool, I bumped my head on the ceiling.

In our laundry room, three of four light bulbs have been burned out for a month or so. I'm maybe not supposed to touch them either. They are one of two sizes that are used in our ceilings. I always get the wrong size — just recently started bringing home both sizes. Except I think I've run out of one size, but can't remember which.

Let me tell you a true story. The first time my father and uncle stayed in a hotel room, probably in the 1920s, they found a light bulb hanging from a cord in the middle of the room. They'd never seen one. When it got dark outside they didn't realize you could turn it off. They were probably a little afraid of it. They moved a dresser to the middle of the room, under the light, and placed a bedside table on the dresser. The bedside table reached just above the light bulb. They opened the drawer to the table, placed the hanging lighted bulb inside, and closed the drawer.

They didn't know how lucky they were.

Clyde Edgerton is the author of ten novels, a memoir and a new work, Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers. *He is the Thomas S. Kenan III Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing at UNCW.*

ILLUSTRATION BY HARRY BLAIR

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Vanessa Rieker
Broker/REALTOR
910-795-6193
vrieker@intracoastalrealty.com

$539,000

5 BEDS 4 BATH 3,332 SQ FT

7908 Bonaventure Dr.
Call Joe & Vanessa: **(910) 795-6193**

$999,977

4 BEDS 6 BATH 10,470 SQ FT

410 E. Barefoot Rd., Newton Grove
Call Joe & Vanessa: **(910) 795-6193**

$254,000

4 BEDS 2 BATH 2,096 SQ FT

609 McGinnis Ln.
Call Joe & Vanessa: **(910) 795-6193**

$299,000

4 BEDS 2 BATH 1,840 SQ FT

506 Sandcastle Ct.
Call Joe & Vanessa: **(910) 795-6193**

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Properties to fall in love with...8 in Figure Eight

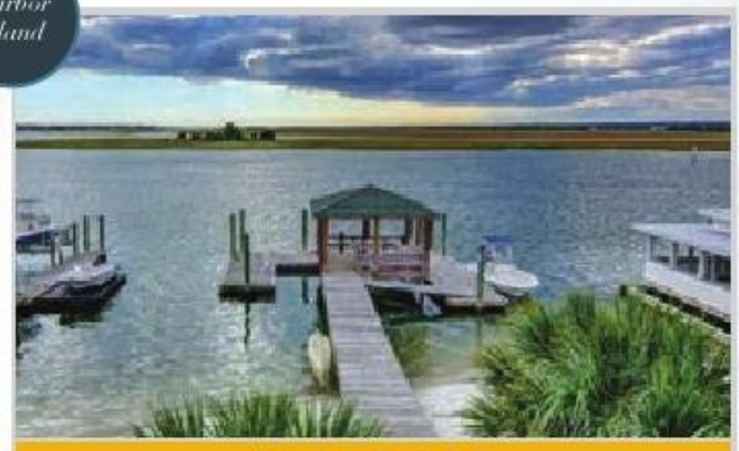
Figure Eight Island

$4,195,000

5	4	4,550
BEDS	BATH	SQ FT

6 Sounds Point Rd.
Spectacular Ocean & Marsh Views, Deep Water Dock

Harbor Island



$3,500,000

5	6	3,050
BEDS	BATH	SQ FT

24 Shore Dr., Harbor Island
Best Sunsets in Wrightsville Beach!

Figure Eight Island

$3,399,500

7	6	6,305
BEDS	BATH	SQ FT

8 Beach Bay Ln.
Oceanfront for Multiple Families

Figure Eight Island

$2,995,000

5	6	4,755
BEDS	BATH	SQ FT

18 Oyster Catcher Rd.
Perfect for Multiple Families

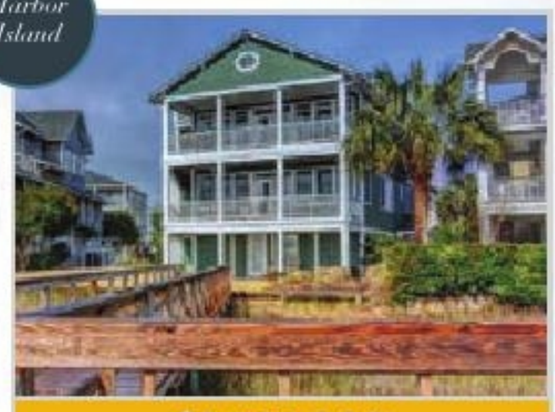
Figure Eight Island

$2,495,000

5	5	3,885
BEDS	BATH	SQ FT

146 Beach Rd. South
Ocean Front

Harbor Island



$2,299,000

4	4	3,964
BEDS	BATH	SQ FT

502 North Channel Dr.
Wrightsville Beach, Deep Water Dock

Figure Eight Island

$2,200,000

0.4
ACRES

265 Beach Rd. N - Sound Ridge Lot
High Elevation, Views of Waterway & Ocean

Figure Eight Island

$2,000,000

4	3	3,209
BEDS	BATH	SQ FT

1 Salters Rd.
Marsh View

Figure Eight Island

STAY TUNED!

0.79
ACRES

413 Beach Rd. North
Marsh Front, Sound View

Figure Eight Island

$875,000

0.62
ACRES

517 Beach Rd. North
Surrounded by Nature

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